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SEVENTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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GENERAL'S JOKE ON THE GOO-GOOS

WHAT a rich joke our esteemed colleague, the Times, has been playing on the local good government forces in the last year, or ever since the stockholders were compelled to take back the poor old Herald when the mortgage note signed by the Gibbon-Lobdell combination reverted to the holders. How General Otis, with grim humor, must have chuckled when the funds were turned over to his keeping, contributed by the men who supposed they were fighting his policies and aiding a rival paper. Incidentally, how chagrined our reform friends must be to think they were deluded into believing that every dollar they spent with the Herald was building up that paper, instead of which it was reducing the general's deficits.

We say the general, because, as he owns a majority of the Times stock and dictates its policy, naturally, he has been the largest beneficiary. Willy nilly, the minority stockholders must meet the present deficits of the Herald, amounting to upward of \$10,000 a month, thereby reducing their dividends from the Times to that extent. Of this their share is not quite half, but so close to it that it hurts. Doubtless, if their votes could settle it, the deficit would stop the moment a meeting could be called to publish the funeral notice. Nevertheless, such a procedure would mean cruelty to many workers honestly striving for a living, and for their sakes let us hope the farce will be maintained.

What a glorious opportunity President Gibbon of the Herald company missed to make himself solid with the good government following, when Mr. Blakely Hall came on, at the invitation of the general, with a thirty-day option to buy the Herald at a stated price. With one of his grand perorations he could have stepped sorrowfully, yet magnificently, from off the tripod with an et tu Brute! exclamation on his lips, as he glanced at Mr. Chandler, a martyr to the faith!

But, no! He preferred to remain. Is not the title of president affixed to his name, on the Her-

ald editorial page, and is there not a possibility that a Democratic legislature may seek in him a Democratic United States senator? Then, too, there is the Mexican land company to be considered, the San Fernando investment, and other little side issues that bind him indissolubly to the Otis-Chandler chariot wheels! Ah, well; uneasy lies the head that wears a presidential title. Since Mr. Gibbon became president of the Herald company we quote his own statement—written by the general—"I have been in absolute control of the conduct and policy of the paper and am today." O, Thomas, Thomas! how could you? Let Joey Bagstock forever take a back seat.

DEMOCRATS AND JUDGE BLEDSOE

WITH Theodore Bell of San Francisco Democracy's choice for the governorship, and our own Timothy Spellacy on the firing line as candidate for lieutenant-governor, the Democratic state central committee heads its party ticket, in these, as in nearly all other state nominations, saving the rank and file the necessity of making vexatious and pot-shotting selections at the August primaries. "There will be no contest for offices," announces the committee, thus making it clear that the state primary law, which promises a free field for all, is not to be taken seriously by the Jeffersonian following in the coming campaign.

It is, as the San Diego Union notes, a display of practical politics, evidencing far more shrewdness than the Democrats are wont to exhibit. In unity they see strength, and with the Republican forces divided there is a fair prospect of their success at the polls. We hardly think this is true as to the governorship, but so far as the legislature is concerned, if good, clean men are named there is excellent chance of success, since the unpopular candidacy of Judge Works for the United States senate will drive many Republicans into the Democratic fold to this extent, especially with the party revolt against the high tariff still regnant. Many Republicans in Southern California who object to the senatorship going to a northern man and who are averse to Judge Works' candidacy, combined with the dissatisfaction against the tariff, will emphasize their protest by favoring the Democratic candidates for the legislature. In this event, there is a fair prospect that George S. Patton of Los Angeles, or an equally strong man may be selected to represent the state in the upper house at Washington to succeed Senator Flint.

We note among candidates indorsed the name of Benajmin F. Bledsoe of San Bernardino for associate judge of the supreme court. We would call the attention of newspaper men in the state to Judge Bledsoe's attitude in regard to newspaper criticism of the judiciary. He has held that judges on the bench are above criticism, regardless of the fact that they may be candidates for political preferment. He would fine and has fined a newspaper editor who dares to tell the truth about a judge aspiring to higher honors. "Our judges," he has said in effect, "are sacred, and if an impious press dares to expose their shortcomings, it calls for prompt reprisals, no matter how honest the intentions or how deservedly the subject of their criticism invites ex-coriation."

We contend that so narrow a viewpoint, so false a doctrine, if concentrated in a member of the supreme court of the state would be a menace to the liberty of the press, hence to the welfare of the people whose battles are fought by an unmuzzled fourth estate. Judge Bledsoe is a good lawyer and a well-meaning judge, but in this respect he is devoid of that judicial temperament which should express itself as fairly for the newspaper honestly criticising his kind as for one that exposes the faults and fallacies of a layman aspiring to political honors. In this view we are

wholly non-partisan. If Judge Bledsoe were seeking similar preferment as a Republican we should utter the same sort of warning to our newspaper brethren and to the people whose liberties he has unwisely threatened in the past.

BUNKO "REVISION" REVEALED

WHILE his lieutenants are sawing the air in various parts of the country, in an effort to convince the people that they have been given a precious heritage in the new tariff law, President Taft has been telling McClure's Magazine what he thinks of his own administration and particularly of his attempts to get revision downward, which he was able to achieve through the help of those unselfish patriots, Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island and Speaker Cannon of Illinois. The latter, when called into conference, cheerfully assured the President that he was "entirely in sympathy with him," which is news to us all. Mr. Aldrich publicly stated that he did not believe a downward revision had been promised, but he, too, promptly pledged himself, and the "other leaders in the senate," to the guileless executive to the general program of progressive legislation.

Mr. Taft confides that he did not secure all the reductions he wanted; the woolen schedule, for instance, should have been lowered, "but it would have been useless to try to beat it," so he finally signed the bill because it was the best he could secure, "under the circumstances," and because "it represented a considerable downward revision from the Dingley tariff." He admits that he might have vetoed the bill and thereby gained personal popularity, but he was desirous of keeping the "friendship and co-operation of conservative Republicans" in congress for his general program of legislation. At the same time he had secured, he assures us, "in the tariff bill itself, the means of bringing about what I stand for and what I believe this country wants—a fair protective tariff, based, not on guesswork, but on actual evidence."

Yes, the evidence presented by the men most interested in retaining the high tariffs, the beneficiaries themselves. In a previous paragraph Mr. Taft asserts that the method of obtaining information on which to make tariffs is "notoriously unscientific and wrong." Yet in the next breath he declares the bill he signed was the result, not of guesswork, but "actual evidence." It was as if the criminal at the bar of justice were commanded to testify in his own behalf to the exclusion of state's evidence and the verdict based on his ex parte statements. For, instead of a "considerable downward revision" from the highest tariffs known since the Civil War, the net results, as revealed by the government's detailed report on the foreign trade for the nine months ending with March 31, indicate that whereas the Dingley bill imposed an average protective duty of 42.7 per cent, the new law gives the country an average of 42.5 per cent protection. Marvellous! A revision of two-tenths of one per cent! Sound the hewgag, beat the cymbal! That is the considerable revision with which the President is so well pleased. We advise Mr. Taft to call in his barkers. The more they clamor, the worse for the administration.

In a recent speech, defending the new tariff law, Chairman Payne of the house ways and means committee boasted of the revenues the new law was yielding the government. Said he: "The first requisite of a good tariff is that it must meet the expenditures of the government. From the day the bill went into effect it has accomplished all that was predicted for it." Yet we find the expenditures of the government since the enactment of the new tariff law exceeding the revenues by more than \$35,000,000. In support of this statement is the declaration of Secretary MacVeagh, in reply to protests from Indiana bankers who want the collections from the corporation tax

placed in government depositories. He retorts that the treasury will need the money as fast as it comes in; and that "its finances are in about the same condition as a year ago," when public deposits in the banks had to be drawn down.

No wonder Representative Eugene N. Foss, the newly-elected Democratic congressman from Massachusetts, a former Republican and a leading manufacturer, is heard declaring, from the floor of the house, the recent revision of the tariff to be a deliberate bunko game from start to finish. The people are indeed demanding protection, added Mr. Foss, but it is protection from the Payne-Aldrich tariff they seek. He is right. Let us have an extra session of congress at the earliest opportunity to give the country real revision which must result in lower living expenses.

QUINQUANGULAR CONTEST TO DATE

THIS week has seen a great inundation of campaign literature, emanating principally from the Alden Anderson headquarters, wherein it is sought to be shown that the excellent chief inspector of state banks is by far the most eligible candidate for the exalted office of governor. That Mr. Anderson would prove an excellent executive if elected, we do not question. He is an honest and capable official with lots of experience in positions of responsibility. Possibly, this is true also of Mr. Ellery, whose documentary evidences of his fitness have been furnished us, presumably at his expense, but as the gentleman is not well known in this part of the state, we are willing to accept his authorized utterances at their full value without demur. We can score only one point against him, and that is the extraordinary drawing which emanated from the capital several weeks ago, purporting to be plans for an agricultural building on the Los Angeles fair grounds. We referred to it at the time as a cross between a greenhouse and a garage. It may be unjust to saddle Mr. Ellery with the entire responsibility for this Japanese tea house, but inasmuch as it bears his indorsement and his name appears on the drawing as a joint author, he must shoulder the burden.

State Secretary Charles F. Curry is sending out his propaganda in the form of news letters, under a San Francisco date line, which those papers friendly to his cause are reprinting. A reading of this literature provokes the utterance, "What's the use?" since Curry is given the Republican nomination by an overwhelming vote. Such faith in his petitions is so sublime that it would seem a shame to shatter it. Perhaps Mr. Curry and his friends are justified in their assertions; we do not question their enthusiasm, but we are just a trifle doubtful of their conclusions. Hiram Johnson, apparently—and we are only able to judge of his progress or otherwise by his inspired organs—is hypnotizing all his audiences wherever he chances to speak. Straw votes give him on an average of twenty to one, as against any of the opposing candidates. This argues that the people are fooling Curry like the mischief or else that both gentlemen are being egregiously deceived.

For there are others. There is our own candidate, Hon. Phil Stanton, whose friends are equally confident of his success. As for the opposition, the more candidates from the north the merrier. Neither he nor his friends would have a single one retire from the field until the August primaries are held and over. With a solid vote from this part of the state for him and that north of the Tehachapi partitioned among the other four candidates, Stanton must inevitably be the winner in this quinquangular contest for governor. That it will be substantially a solid vote for Stanton we have every reason to believe. That he will get a much larger vote in the north than his opponents are willing to concede is apparent from the kindly reception his present tour is accorded. All that he gains in this way works to his credit doubly, in that it diminishes the total of the others and adds to his Southern California majority.

So let us not hear complaint from any one of Stanton's many friends that the field is so unwieldy it threatens his prestige. We could wish there were a dozen more bona fide northern candidates for the governorship to mill one another

and so reduce the individual majority. Hon. Philip Stanton, as the sole representative of the people from south of the Tehachapi, with the United States senatorship practically conceded to the north, since few actually believe Judge Works will be a serious factor, it looks more and more as if Stanton would carry off the persimmon in the race for the Republican nomination for governor.

LORIMER'S UNWITTING ASSISTANCE

IF, BY THE alleged purchase of his seat in the United States senate, William Lorimer of Illinois has unwittingly conspired to hasten the election of United States senators by popular vote, his banal work will not have been in vain, even though he is retired to enforced privacy. To date, twenty-nine state legislatures have petitioned congress to call a convention for submitting a constitutional amendment requiring the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people. If two more states shall acquiesce, the necessary two-thirds of the members of the union of states will have registered their desire, compelling congress to issue the call. To render the proposed amendment valid, the legislatures of three-fourths of the states must concur.

In Massachusetts the other day the lower house, by a substantial majority, expressed itself favorably on this question, but the state senate withheld its consent, which left the matter unsettled. That the Lorimer scandal will have the effect of unifying sentiment in several states already inclined to join in this petition is certain. California should furnish one of the needed two at the next session of the state legislature, and the other may come from one of a dozen eastern states known to be favorably disposed toward the proposed amendment. Commenting on the trend in its own state, the Springfield (Mass.) Republican says:

That the highly conservative state of Massachusetts should appear as almost ready to join this movement to compel congressional action toward specific amendment of the constitution is exceedingly significant of its well-considered popularity throughout the country. There can be little question that a great majority of the people of the several states favor the popular election of United States senators. They are heartily tired of the wrangles and deadlocks and scandals which have come to be almost the rule in election by a comparatively few men upon whom all the powerful influences which may be rallied about a leading senatorial candidacy are concentrated, often with the most mischievous results. They are not at all impressed by such arguments as have been advanced in the house debate at Boston against the proposed change. They believe themselves quite as competent to choose fit representatives of the state in the United States senate as their delegates in the legislature, and they know that illegitimate influences cannot possibly have anything like the power to affect the result when election is by the whole people as when it is by a few men huddled away from their constituents at the state house.

There is another way to get this amendment before the several states for ratification, as Article V of the United States Constitution points out. This is by a two-thirds vote of both houses of congress. Five times, at as many different sessions in recent years, the house of representatives has declared in no uncertain voice in favor of submitting such an amendment to the states, and each time the United States senate has negatived the proposal. In noting which the Springfield Republican tartly observes that "a decent sense of the proprieties of the situation would seem to demand that the senate be a little less insistent along this line of obstruction." However, with the accession of the two needed state legislatures to the ones now on record, the selfish senate of the United States will have to submit, willy nilly. That time is near at hand.

HOW PORTLAND VIEWS US

COMMENTING upon "Some Coast Cities," chiefly Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles, with Pasadena described as "the prettiest town on the coast," with the "handsomest homes, the finest streets, the most comfortable hotels, the best doctors, and the worst restaurants of any town of its size in America," the Portland Spectator further remarks of Los Angeles that it is "growing rapidly and substantially, and yet there is an air of transiency about the place that constantly obtrudes. It seems as

if no one were going to Los Angeles to stay; everybody is a visitor." Continues the Spectator:

And how welcome visitors are! They tell a story of two men who had lived in Los Angeles for some years, but who had never met. When they were introduced at the California Club each expressed the greatest delight at meeting the other. "Charmed, sir, charmed, to welcome you to our city," cried each in chorus. "I hope you like Los Angeles, and that your visit will be pleasant. It will give me pleasure to show you about, and—" "But," cried both, "I live here." "Ah," they said, "good day, sir." And there you are.

Of course, this delightful and true story illustrates the "transiency" theory so naively introduced by the Spectator. And yet people do stay! Ten years ago, for example, the United States census of 1900 gave us a population of 102,000. The 1910 official count will show in excess of 300,000, or a growth of 200 per cent, which would seem to disprove the "flitting" nature of our people. The visitor from Portland probably sought directions to his hotel, after taking a walk around the block, not trusting to his sense of location, and was informed by the first half dozen persons of whom he timidly inquired the way, that they couldn't tell him, they were strangers themselves. But these strangers of today become the permanent fixtures of tomorrow in nine cases out of ten, the Portland man being the tenth example to prove the rule. Moreover, they bring into the city the accumulation of years of industry in the east, or of inherited patrimony, investing in local property at an early date and placing the residue in the savings banks, which report an increase of \$15,000,000 in deposits within the year. It is conceded, too, that there is more wealth, per capita, in Los Angeles than in any other city in the United States.

Our pleasant critic properly notes that we are proud of our urban and interurban electric railways, but the article quoted complacently ends by stating that visitors who have been in both cities confirm the Spectator in the delusion that the Portland street car service is "incomparably the best on the coast." We shall require further testimony and of a less biased nature before yielding a jot or tittle on this score. It is universally conceded that we lead the world in the perfection of our street railway systems, both in and out of the city. Doubtless, Portland is well equipped in this particular, but in making the broad boast noted, it is evident that Editor Hume has an eye to future courtesies to be bestowed by a grateful corporation, rather than to the facts. He is invited to come himself, next time, and to place less faith in his subordinates.

GRAPHITES

When so conservative a newspaper as the New York Evening Post takes kindly to the suggestion of the use of oil fuel in the navy, the prospects for a change from the coaling nuisance are getting perceptibly nearer. Commenting on a recent article in Out West Magazine, urging such a plan, the Post sees in the ease of taking on fuel, the absence of smoke, the ability to increase the fighting force of a battleship by eliminating all the coal passers and at least 50 per cent of the firemen, and the improved temperature of the fire room—all these, in addition to the increased efficiency of the machinery, strong arguments for prompt experimentation with an oil-burning battleship, as there has been with the monitor Cheyenne. Cleanliness, economic saving of space, weight, expense and human life point inevitably to the desirability of the innovation.

Arizona and New Mexico are still waiting for admission to the Union on the whims of the New England senators, to cajole whom President Taft admits he signed the tariff bill, hoping they would, in return, stand by the administration in all its legislative endeavors. Truth is, the chief executive bought a gold brick when he abandoned his revision policy and meekly bowed to the decision of the Aldrich-Cannon coterie. He lost prestige with the people which he can never regain, he made matters worse by his oratorical efforts to defend the bunko tariff law, and thus far has had none of his administration measures accepted.

It is worth noting that while savings banks in other cities are complaining of decreased deposits, said to be due to the higher cost of living, that Los Angeles shows nearly \$15,000,000 more in its savings banks than it did a year ago, with total deposits in excess of \$56,000,000. This is wholly

aside from the national and state bank cash deposits, which will give a grand total of more than as much again. Meanwhile, the building record continues to surprise everybody, the bank clearings grow perceptibly larger as compared with the year previous and the local business situation never was more satisfactory.

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

IT WAS a groundless complaint of him, who wished nature had placed a window before men's hearts, that their thoughts and secret designs might be seen. *Sieur de la Chambre*, a French physician who flourished in court circles in the middle of the seventeenth century, wrote a treatise on the art of "How to Know Men," which was translated into English by John Davies in 1665 and published in that same year at the George in Fleet street. A copy of this rare work was my find at the Old Book Shop this week, wherein it is disclosed by the author that the above complaint was without reason, since "nature hath made other provision for this discovery, and found out more certain means to make it than would have been that strange openness which *Momus* imagined to himself." It is true, he observes, that she bestowed on man voice and tongue, to be the interpreters of his thoughts; but distrusting that he might abuse them, she contrived a language in his forehead and eyes, to give the others the lie, in case they should not prove faithful. This unspoken language is what the *Sieur de la Chambre*, happily assisted by his English translator, interprets in the queer little volume which I have amused myself with in spare moments this week. Having read these visible and manifest characteristics, the author found himself designing to frame the "greatest and most advantageous work that haply was ever undertaken; a work wherein the noblest and most necessary discoveries of knowledge which man can arrive unto are contained." In fine, a work wherein may be found the secret and perfection of wisdom and human prudence.

* * *

No wonder the physician-author is disclosed felicitating himself on the attainment of this delightful and profitable knowledge. To have discovered the inclinations, the motions of the soul, the virtues and vices in humanity is to have attained a high art that is of priceless value in dealing with one's fellow creatures, since there is no dissimulation so deep into which this knowledge does not penetrate. Explaining the distribution of the temperament, the author quotes *Plato*, to the effect that man and woman at the beginning made up but one body, which was of a round figure; that they were afterward divided into two, and that the love they have one for the other, is only the desire they have to be re-united. But in the distinction the temperament was divided into two parts, and thence were framed two bodies, unlike one to the other, in respect of the different qualities, which they received in order to the conservation of the species. The temperament of man, it is asserted, is hot and dry, that of woman cold and moist. The first qualities are most efficacious and most necessary, hence are bestowed on that sex which represents the material cause, while to the woman is given the virtues and qualities of the passive cause. After showing wherein the beauty of the sexes consists, of the faculties and inclinations which it is Nature's design to bestow on the sexes, the studious Frenchman points out the perfections of the man. Nature having made him "hot and dry," in consequence of the first-named attribute he must be strong and courageous, desirous of fame, magnanimous, sincere, liberal, merciful, just, grateful; and consequent to his being dry he should be resolved, constant, patient, modest, faithful, judicious.

* * *

For all these effects reasons are found and ingeniously traced to the subject. If the heat be too great, instead of courage we find temerity; fame will be changed into pride, magnanimity into insolence, liberality into prodigality, justice into severity, clemency into indulgence, and gratitude into ostentation and vanity. In like manner, if drought be predominant, the constancy of the soul degenerates into obstinacy, harshness, insensibility, austerity. The perfection therefore of the temperament lodged in man should be exact, whatever goes beyond it leading to excess and imperfection. As to the woman, her natural perfections are found to be anything but perfect, according to this savant. All her attractions, it is affirmed, her charming graces wherewith she is adorned are nothing but a deceitful mask, hiding an infinite number of defects and imperfections. Her secret inclinations may be smothered and weeded out, however, before they have fully taken

BLINDNESS

The broken women stalk along,
Pine burdens on their backs,
The shifting sands beneath their feet
Covering their weary tracks;
And no one knows their weariness,
Nor that they passed this way;
Yet were it stone beneath their feet
Deep paths were worn this day.
—LUELLA CONLY.

root or may be balanced by "education and contrary habits." In justice to the author, I quote: "We must make this acknowledgment, for the honor of the women, that these means have a greater influence over them than over the men, and that commonly we find the practice of the virtues more exemplary and exact in this sex than in the other." With this precaution, it is thereafter affirmed that the woman being cold and moist, it follows she should be "weak and consequently fearful, pusillanimous, jealous, distrustful, crafty, prone to dissemble, flatter, lie; easily offended, revengeful; cruel in her revenge; unjust, covetous, ungrateful, superstitious; and from her being moist it follows that she should be unconstant, light, unfaithful, impatient, easily persuaded, compassionate, talkative." My! what an arraignment. I wish it to be distinctly understood that it is the *Sieur de la Chambre* of the court of France, 1665, who makes these deductive assertions, and not the present humble book browser.

* * *

Having so labelled, or, let us say, libelled, her, the French scientist hastens to add that her very weaknesses may pass for virtues, since distrust may be rendered prudence, a moderate avarice become frugality, a light superstition pass for piety, moderate revenge assume the name of justice, and timidity pass as her greatest ornament and commendation. It is only when the coldness and moisture exceed the degrees of moderation that her inclinations are proportionably heightened and become as vicious as their names imply them to be. For which reasonable explanation, in the name of the maligned fair sex, I offer the author a vote of thanks. Quoting *Aristotle*, who asserts that a little face is a sign of pusillanimity and lowness of spirit, by this character he designs those who are not able to bear good or bad fortune, and who upon the least smile of prosperity become insolent, upon the least frown of adversity are utterly cast down and discouraged; who find in a small negligence a great injury. Then follow these deductions: The round face denotes maliciousness and an easy inclination to anger. The narrow forehead is an argument of a fickle and incorrigible disposition. The round forehead is a sign of testiness and meekness of mind. The high forehead and very smooth signifies flattery and dissimulation. Black eyes denote fearfulness, the large eye inconstancy. Thick and soft lips are marks of loquacity. The little mouth is a sign of weakness and lying. The round chin denotes envy.

* * *

I wish I had the space and my readers the patience to follow the arguments of this seventeenth century treatise to the end. How, logically, the author proceeds from cause to effect and back again, of the causes of the inclinations, of the motives of the soul, of the appetite which is moved by good and evil; of the number of passions, the simple ones being denominated love, hate, pleasure and grief; hope, despair, confidence and anger. These are in turn defined and their effect on man shown. Also the manner in which they are communicated. The second half of the book is devoted to an examination of the means whereby the knowledge of men is to be attained, and in a most careful and elaborate manner the signs and effects are explained to the end that wisdom may be gained. *Sieur de la Chambre* appears to have read his *Aristotle* closely, for that ancient philosopher often is quoted in support of theories advanced. The rules of physiognomy are laid down and applied to this art, which affects to draw a portraiture of every particular passion, and discover man's moral and intellectual habits in detail. Several chapters are devoted to the principles of chiromancy, in which it is said that, "Every noble part of the body hath a certain place in the hand which is appropriated to it, and with which it hath a particular connection and sympathy." After a patient reading of this earnest and logical treatise, I have come to the conclusion that the window before men's hearts is not needed to fathom their thoughts and secret designs. Man discovers himself so accurately to the observing student that the window or mirror would be a superfluity. I am not ready to affirm that I have grasped the art at one reading, but I have the rudiments, so watch out.

S. T. C.

REVERTING TO THE "BLUE LAWS"

MY OLD friend, "Diogenes"—never mind his real name—sends me a bit of pungent criticism based on the appended news item, clipped from a recent issue of the *Baltimore Star*:

Accused of working on Sunday, Alexander Adler, sixteen years old, of 1309 East Baltimore street, and Harry Block, twenty-four years old, of 1313 East Baltimore street, were arraigned before Justice Loden, at the western police station, this morning and released on bail for the action of the criminal court. They are charged with papering a room yesterday in the house at 776 West Saratoga street. Patrolman Dietzel saw the men in the house and he notified Captain Morheiser. Together the two blue-coats made the arrests. The young men made the defense that they merely went around to the house to view the work that they had been doing the day before, and to the declaration that their paste brushes were wet, they said that the brushes remained in that state for twenty-four hours. But they did not convince the magistrate.

In reading this, one has to rub one's eyes and wonder whether we are living in the New England of the eighteenth century, when a woman was not permitted to kiss her child of a Sunday, or in the United States of America of the twentieth century. They recently adopted a stringent Sunday closing law in Topeka. The mayor of Topeka now declares that singing, or preaching, or playing an organ in church for money of a Sunday is a breach of the law, and that he will make churches close their doors. The mayor is reported as saying: "The best way to get an obnoxious law repealed is to enforce it to the letter." Which shows that the mayor of Topeka is a level-headed man. This brings us around to the Sunday paper, which the parsons are so fond of denouncing. Now, unless these parsons are crassly ignorant in regard to the newspaper business, they must know that the greater part of the work on a Sunday paper is performed before midnight Saturday. Therefore, we are forced to the conclusion that their objections to the Sunday paper is not so much based upon the idea of saving people from breaking the Sabbath as it is upon the fact that many prefer to lie in a hammock in the fresh air, Sunday morning, and read the news and comment rather than to listen to platitudes handed down from a pulpit in a stuffy church. It is something like the case of the Puritans, who, according to Macaulay, objected to bear-baiting, not because it hurt the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. By the way, asks *Diogenes*, can any of my ministerial friends point to a single passage in the New Testament, from Matthew to Revelation, commanding or authorizing the making of the first day of the week a holy day, in place of the seventh day, which is still observed by the Jews, and by certain Protestant sects, such as the Seventh Day Adventists? There is no such passage. The nearest approach is a statement that the disciples were in the habit of eating together on the first day of the week, in memory of their risen Lord, much as a few of the smaller social clubs once a week dine together. And, by the way, the disciples were warned in one epistle against overeating at these meals, which have since been transformed into a piece of bread and a glass of wine in the Protestant church, and into a wafer in the Catholic church, where the wine is drunk by the priest. In the early days, the Jewish Christians continued to keep the seventh day as the Sabbath, some of them observing both the Sabbath and the Lord's Day. The earliest recognition of the observance of Sunday as a legal duty was a constitution of the Emperor Constantine in 321 A. D., enacting that all courts of justice, inhabitants of town, and workshops were to be at rest Sunday, with an exception in favor of those engaged in agricultural labor.

Perry Weidner Enters Abstract Business

In retiring from the presidency of the Park Bank, to give his entire attention to the Los Angeles Abstract and Trust Company business, which he enters as vice-president, associating with Gale Johnson, its president, Perry W. Weidner leaves with the satisfaction of knowing that the bank has doubled its business during his incumbency, and has gained deposits of \$1,300,000. His successor will be Walter C. Durgin, who has been active vice-president of the institution. Although resigning from the executive office, Mr. Weidner will continue as vice-president and director of the bank and keep in close personal touch with its business affairs. The promotion of Mr. Durgin to the presidency necessitates other changes. Wilson G. Tanner, formerly cashier, will be advanced to vice-president, and will manage the savings department. J. Walter Kays, the son of James C. Kays, will be cashier, promoted from assistant cashiership.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S OLD COACH ROADS

TO YOU in Los Angeles who in so great numbers are planning tours abroad this summer, as I gather from a reading of my copy of *The Graphic*, it may be of interest to learn something about the coach roads of Merrie England, and perhaps you may be inspired to take a spin over one of them at a future date. Last month of all months, April, is the ideal time of the year for that kind of an outing. It can be March when it chooses or even January when it forgets itself altogether. But its best makes more mark upon the mind than the best of any other month. April does indeed seem to come over the fields out of the west to play games in the sky and tricks with the delighted earth. She has a voice of her own in the cuckoo's call, "a wandering voice" with beautiful mischief in it, as if she were playing hide and seek among the clouds or behind the sudden shafts of sunlight. She is so vivid and masterful that she can transform London itself into a wild place with swift changes of light and shadow sweeping across the streets, showers that glitter against the dirtiest houses, towering clouds that bring wonder into the narrowest glimpses of sky. On a true April day the country seems very close to the heart of London and to be pouring in upon it with triumphant sounds and scents. Then we feel how transitory is all the ugliness with which we have defaced the earth and how vainly we labor against the beautiful nature of things. At other times—at dawn, at sunset or in the moonlight—there may come to us a whisper that makes folly of the sidewalks and the stores and numbered houses and all the routine, but in April weather it is not a whisper. It is universal laughter that seems strong enough almost to laugh all the nonsense away.

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Of the leading great main coach roads of England each has its especial and unmistakable character, not only in the nature of the scenery through which they run, but also in their story and in the memories which cling about them. There is the great North Road, the Holyhead Road, Bath Road, Dover Road, Exeter Road, Brighton Road, Portsmouth Road, etc. When I was a youngster I recollect traveling by the coach from Winchester to Southampton, and it is one of the most enjoyable drives that can be imagined, apart from the fact that the origin of the city of Winchester lies concealed in the farthest depths of our British antiquities. Tradition and the evidence of our oldest historical monuments concur with the probability afforded by the situation of the place in making it out as having been one of the earliest settlements of the first inhabitants of the island. In this way it may possibly have existed as a village in the woods for a thousand years before the Christian era. When the Romans first landed in Britain, about half a century before the birth of Christ, the tract of country in which Winchester stands appears to have been peopled by a Belgic tribe, who had come over from the continent about two hundred years before.

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It is said that the British name of Winchester was then *Caer Gwent*, or the town of *Gwent*, which the Romans Latinized into *Vinta*, calling it commonly the *Vinta of the Belgae*. If it had been, as is commonly thought, the capital of England in the time of the Britons, it regained that distinction under the Saxons, on the union of the country under one scepter in the beginning of the ninth century, by Egbert, king of Wessex, to whose original dominions it had belonged. From this time to the reign of Edward the Confessor, in the middle of the eleventh century, Winchester retained the dignity of chief city of the realm. Here Alfred and Canute principally resided and held their courts. Even after the erection of the abbey and palace of Westminster by the Confessor, and the attachment which he showed to that neighborhood, had crowned the long rising importance of London, Winchester continued for a considerable period to dispute pre-eminence with its rival. During the reign of the Conqueror and his two sons, in particular, it may be said to have still maintained an equality with London. It was not perhaps considered to have altogether lost its old metropolitan supremacy till the reign of Richard I toward the close of the twelfth century.

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Reduced now to a town, modern Winchester derives its chief importance from the ancient and splendid ecclesiastical establishment of which it is the seat. While the other bishops take rank according to the date of the consecration of each, the bishop of Winchester holds permanently the next place after those of London and Durham, who stand next to the two archbishops, and before all the rest of the Episcopal bench. In point of

IN MEMORY

Battered and worn and out of step,
In column of twos they amble past,
Over the hill to the graves beyond,
Where all are journeying fast.

Off with your hats as they go by!
Cheer for the patriots who wore the blue;
Scarred and crippled and out of breath—
These were the stalwarts of '62!

Wrinkled and gray and out of step,
Battered and worn and tattered, too;
Give them a cheer for Auld Lang Syne—
These were the heroes who wore the blue!
—S. T. C.

opulence, also, this see has always been reckoned one of the first in England. The cathedral of Winchester may be regarded as a nearly complete record and exemplification of all the successive changes in the Norman style of architecture, from its rise or at least its introduction into England, in the eleventh, till its disappearance in the sixteenth century. Many venerable relics of antiquity are preserved in the cathedral of which on account of space we cannot give a detailed notice, and ancient Southampton alone would furnish the history for several large volumes.

* * *

Vehicles from it ran from the old cathedral town of Winchester through St. Cross-Close, by the hospital of that name, with its large and interesting church, situated on the western side of the river Itchen; it was founded about 1184 by Bishop Blois, for the maintenance of thirteen poor men, and for the daily relief of one hundred others, who were to be provided (on application) with a loaf of bread, three quarts of small beer, and two messes for their dinner. The ancient custom is still kept up at the hospital gate, where bread and beer are given away daily; the brethren who inhabit the old place continue to wear black cloth gowns, with a silver cross on their breast, and many passers-by avail themselves of the charity, some more out of curiosity than need, to test the quality of the repast. The main road to Southampton runs parallel with the Itchen. St. Catharine's hill being in the east, with a beautiful valley of watered meadows. Oliver's Battery is on the west, surmounted by magnificent downs, where the sheep used to graze, but a great portion of it is now under the plough; not far from Oliver's Battery, are two large mounds, nearly touching each other, known as the plague mounds, so called on account of the people being buried therein in the time of the plague.

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Passing onward you come to the rural village of Crompton, a parish on the west side of the Itchen valley, two and a half miles from Winchester, where the coaches used to change horses, at an old inn called the Chequers, but it is now done away with, although the old blacksmith's shop still remains at the foot of the hill.

* * *

Still moving there are several barrows and traces of the encampment of the parliamentary soldiers when besieging Winchester, and in the valley are the remains of a Roman road near to which, when making the present turnpike road, a human skeleton was found, and close by, ten ounces of silver coins of the reign of Henry II (A. D. 1154), some of them cut into halves and quarters. William the Archer held the Manor of Crompton, at Domesday Surrey, but it had been previously held by five Thanes, who had the liberty to go whither they would. The Goldfinches resided here for several centuries. In 1645 some of the parliamentary soldiers were quartered on Mr. Goldfinch's road, having drunk nearly all his ordinary beer, they insisted on tapping a barrel of strong ale that had been specially brewed for an expected christening, but the host preserved it by promising to christen the child (if a boy) Barnard, after the name of the captain of the troopers. The village church is very interesting, and of Norman architecture.

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You next come to the pretty village of Otterbourne, which is situated near Cranbury Park, four miles from Winchester, on the old coach road to Southampton. The origin of its name is supposed to have been taken from the small rivulet (or bourne) which was formerly the resort of otters. No more interesting bit of coaching road is to be found than this I have attempted to depict; and those who traverse it now (in early spring) will see its hedgerows lined with wild flowers in all the colors of the rainbow, while (at the summer's end) the brown hazelnuts tempt passersby to stop and crack a joke with them; then in the fall follows the luscious blackberry and other wild fruit. It is really delightful to be on the road. Better try it.

London, May 9, 1910. EDWIN A. COOKE.

PARIS, ALSO, HAS HER MEMORIAL DAY

PARIS, it is said, thinks once a year of those whom she has lost. The truth is, she thinks very much oftener of them, for their touching devotion to the memory of the dead is one of the finest sides of the French character. The day after All Saints' is "the day of the dead"—the "Jour des Morts." Then Parisians visit the great cemeteries—Pere-Lachaise, Montmartre, Montparnasse, Passy, Vaugirard, Saint-Ouen. It is a curious sight to see the crowds sweeping like a torrent along the boulevards of Belleville and Menilmontant between the two rows of booths piled up with emblems of grief and piety. About half the number are simple sight-seers—badauds who are attracted by any crowd and who can readily be recognized by their indifferent and gaping air and empty hands. The others, in mourning habits, carry in their hands wreaths of everlasting flowers, sprigs of boxwood and yew, bouquets, medallions under glass, with a weeping-willow and some artless inscription, "a ma mere," "a notre pere," etc.

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The cemeteries themselves present an unaccustomed spectacle. The entrances are guarded by mounted Gardes de Paris in full uniform; policemen are stationed to regulate the circulation in the interior, and around the cemetery hawkers of all sorts spread out their wares in tempting array—immortelles for the dead, cakes and petit bleu—cheap wine—for the living. The exterior boulevards are too small for the crowd of mourners, and the inns and the wineshops are too small for the custom. Side by side with the sellers of souvenirs eternelles, you find the camelot, who offers his collection of three hundred jokes for one cent, the open-air lotteries, with their grating and rattling wheels, and an asthmatic hurdy-gurdy playing the latest march. This is the first act of the tragi-comedy. The second act takes place in the cemetery. Each proceeds to the tomb that interests him or her. The old wreaths are removed, and a glass-covered medallion of the most improved design is hung up in their stead.

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And now let us go and see the famous graves. That immense city of the dead, Pere Lachaise, has, like Paris itself, its popular quarters and its wealthy quarters, its Faubourg Saint-Antoine and its Faubourg Saint-Germain, its narrow alleys and its boulevards. On the one hand are poverty and neglect, on the other the pomp and parade of luxury. Compare the splendors of the Jewish portion with the sodden, blank and moldy desolation of the "Fosse Commune!" In the side alleys see graves literally covered with flowers, and others leprous with moss and lichens, and half-concealed by rank weeds. The great crowd is always thick around the splendid mausoleums of the grand central avenue that goes up to the chapel. The ample and cold sarcophagus of Victor Cousin and the modest monument of Alfred de Musset, over which weeps the willows that he begged for in his immortal verse, always attract special attention, as do also the tombs of Balzac, and Heine, and Abelard.

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In the middle of the cemetery an immense stone cross raises its mighty arms, loaded with wreaths. This cross is surrounded by a circular grass plot, covered with objects of piety of all kinds. This is the spot where you really feel that the cult of the dead is a serious and heartfelt thing. The kneeling crowd is of those who could give their dead no permanent resting place—nothing but the pauper's grave. The "Fosse Commune" is left undisturbed only five years; the memory of it is eternal.

* * *

Montmartre is the artistic and literary cemetery. There are buried Henry Murger, Goslan, Paul Delaroche, Harevy, Stendhal, Alfred and Tony Johannot, Delphine de Girardin, Nourrit, Theophile Gautier, Henri Heine, Jacques Offenbach, and how many others! There, too, is buried Marie Duplessis, the "Dame aux Camelias" of Dumas' famous novel. Her grave is the Mecca of lovers, while that of Cavaignac gathers the richest harvest of patriotic tributes.

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At Montparnasse, the tomb of the four sergeants of La Rochelle, is the great place of popular pilgrimage. Thousands of names are inscribed on the column over the tomb, and around the mound are placed innumerable wreaths and commemorative emblems. In front of the mound of the tomb of the four sergeants a stunted cypress marks the place of another grave. It is that of Tolleran, Plaignier and Carbonneau, who died on the scaffold for the sake of liberty in 1816. Hereabouts, too, were buried the regicides Fieschi, Pepin, Morey and Alibaud. The burial ground of Picpus, situated in an inclosure behind the

Convent of Les Dames Blanches, is, to use Parisian parlance, the Faubourg Saint-Germain of cemeteries. The grande noblesse alone is buried here. "One has, at least, the consolation here of decaying amid one's own society," said the Comtesse de Mirepoix, in speaking of it; and, indeed, if you examine the tombstones, it seems as though you were turning over an old album of armorial bearings.

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In the days of the Reign of Terror, Prince Salm-Kyrburg, having fallen a victim on this spot to the guillotine, and his remains having been buried near the scaffold, his mother, Mme. de Bordeaux, purchased the ground, inclosed it with a wall, and devoted it to the burial of her friends in the nobility. Lafayette's tomb is also here, whereon many wreaths and flowers are annually placed, on the Jour des Morts, by the members of the illustrious De Noailles family, his descendants, and by members of the American colony. The tombs of the De Rohans, with their proud armorial motto, "Roy ne puis, prince ne daigne, Rohan suis," engraved thereon, are also here, and with them those of the De Carignans, Talleyrand-Perrigords, De Palignacs, of the Montmorency, the La Rochefoucauld-Bisaccias, and many other names of equal luster.

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The processions of Paris to the cemeteries first began to come into vogue under Louis XVIII.; they did not become popular or fashionable—for, after all, it is a matter of fashion—until about 1830. Since then, from year to year, the manifestation has become more and more imposing. This pious care of the dead undoubtedly has contributed largely to the construction of the solid and often sumptuous monuments which adorn the Parisian cemeteries, where families, in order to preserve the remains of their friends, acquire a perpetual concession of land in the cemeteries. The final act of the "Jour des Morts" takes place outside the cemeteries, in the fairs, in the cabarets, at the play. The crowd is out for the day, and so it dines at a restaurant, and, after dinner, it will go to applaud "la Grand Sarah" at the Renaissance, or Yvette Guilbert at the Alcazar. Ask the theatrical managers, and they will tell you that, next to those of January 2 and of Mardi Gras, the largest receipts of the year are those of "Toussaint" and the "Jour des Morts," November 1 and 2.

BEN C. TRUMAN.

Profits in Oil Ventures

With the waning of the boom in oil securities, several of those who were shrewd enough to dip in and out of the game in time to count profits have been taking inventory, with the result that they feel the coming summer will yield them a vacation at the expense of the market. Associated made the most money for owners of the stock who backed away from it after a profit-taking of between \$5 and \$25 a share. California Midway is next in line with real winnings, while Palmer oil has been doing wonderful stunts recently along the same line. New Pennsylvania appears to be booked for a similar killing in the near future, and Jade Oil, not so well known, also has furnished profits of late. Close students tell me that the total winnings among Los Angelans who have been playing the stock game since January 1, have not been less than a million dollars, with many ventures yet to hear from. There is Oleum, for example, which has more than \$20,000 in the treasury, is right between two proved pieces of ground and is now sinking a well on the land which the company owns outright. I miss my guess if the stockholders fail to clean up handsome profits on this property. I am informed upon trustworthy authority that the Doheny oils are soon to be listed on the London Stock Exchange, which means that the listing of these securities on the New York exchange would ensue as a matter of course. Others of the better known petroleum stocks will follow suit, and one can readily imagine what will happen later.

Catalina Traffic Larger Than Ever

Catalina has been enjoying a prosperous spring season with the Wilmington Transportation Company's passenger receipts for the three months ending May 1, the largest in the island trade for any similar period. The company has been liberal in its expenditures preparing for the summer traffic, which is expected to prove a record breaker. Two new steamers will be in commission from San Pedro to Avalon in another year, both much more commodious in every way than those now making the daily run. The new vessels will be ready in 1911.

MARY MAGDALEN

Under the shade of city domes,
Coiled on a couch she lies,
Brooding above the wrecks of homes,
A woman serpent-wise—
The siren in her eyes;
Cold Magdalen,
Bold Magdalen.

And reeling round in Bacchic grace,
With lily crowned and rose,
With limbs half bared in supple grace,
Queen of the rout she goes.
Mark you, the look she throws—
Glad Magdalen,
Mad Magdalen.

Fresh from the bath she waiting stands,
Cool as a statue there,
As marble white her bust and hands,
Like night her cloud of hair;
Now Naiad-formed and fair:
Pale Magdalen,
Frail Magdalen.

And in her carriage where she waits
The crowd's remote disdain,
See, though as banished from the gates,
How the world sneers in vain
At sin, and sin's dull stain:
Hard Magdalen,
Marred Magdalen.

Or view her last in confined rest,
Oblivion on her lips;
One flower of silence on her breast,
Behind her life's burned ships;
And furled fate's torturing whips;
Lone Magdalen,
Stone Magdalen.

—ERNEST M'GAFFEY.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

IN MAYOR M'CARTHY'S return from Washington he will be confronted by the awkward problem of what to do with Harry Flannery, his former chairman of the public commission, who was acquitted last week of the charge of grand larceny. There was never any doubt of what the verdict in the Flannery case would be, for absolutely no evidence had been introduced connecting him with the crime of the Abbott gang of bunco men in Marin county. But Flannery's conviction was not the object of the men who engineered his prosecution. Their hope was to discredit and undermine the McCarthy administration by revealing the fact that the man whom the mayor had placed at the head of the police department was on intimate terms with so disreputable a character as Joe Abbott.

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At the time of Flannery's indictment, the mayor "temporarily suspended" him, which action was followed by Flannery's resignation. McCarthy, however, did not appoint anyone in Flannery's place, and the latter's friends are confident that he will be reappointed as soon as the mayor returns from the east. Whatever the mayor does, he is certain to find himself in hot water. If he refuses to re-appoint Flannery, he will antagonize a powerful element in San Francisco politics. If he reappoints him, he will outrage public opinion. The boast of some of Flannery's friends, that McCarthy dare not refuse to reappoint him, is likely to set "P. H.'s" teeth on edge.

* * *

Walter Parker has come and gone without shedding any light—publicly—on the vexed and involved gubernatorial situation. Nor does it seem that there is much light even in the innermost circle of the organization. I am inclined to think that the organization intends to rest on its oars in the present campaign. Its policy just now seems to be that which Tammany periodically adopts. There comes a time when a political machine finds itself overweighted with deadwood, in the form of henchmen and retainers. The only way to get rid of them is to drift upon the rocks of defeat, to let the old machine go to pieces before attempting to build up a new one.

* * *

There are not a few wiseacres who believe that the Republican organization is shaping its course in this direction. At all events, with a crisis ahead of the party, the machine is displaying a masterly inactivity. There was a time, and not so long ago, when a word from the organization would have put an end to so ridiculous a situation as that at present developed by four candidates dividing the strength of the party against a common enemy. [This view is not shared by the editor of The Graphic.] But the organization does not choose to speak the word, and its silence is due to the ominous fact that at least two of the four candidates would not pay any attention to it if it were spoken. Meanwhile, such influence as the machine cares to exercise is being used on behalf

of Alden Anderson, whose canvass appears to be growing in strength, while Curry's is declining. The newspapers continue to ignore Stanton's tour, despite the fact that he received substantial encouragement in Tulare and Kings counties. The impression prevails that Hiram Johnson's strength is now at its zenith, and that it will be exhausted before August. But he has plenty of time to get his second wind.

* * *

Corney Pendleton brought up the encouraging news that in Col. "Billy" Garland, Southern California might be able to present a fitting figure for the senatorial toga, but the Garland movement barely lasted forty-eight hours, being brought to a summary stop by Garland himself. The fruitless search for a candidate, and the realization that several names already have been suggested of men who have had no experience in the broader field of politics emphasizes the great loss that the state must experience in the final event of Senator Flint's retirement. It now looks as if the direct primary nomination for United States senator is destined to be a sorry farce, and that the choice will be as much left to the legislature as it ever has been, and as is ordained by the Constitution. If the regular Republicans control the next legislature, Senator Flint will be its choice, and the best hope of California lies in the fact that by next January the incumbent may be induced to change his mind.

* * *

Another fake prize fight has caused more consternation in the camps of the champion pugilists than all the protests and resolutions of the preachers. Within a month there have been two loudly advertised "events" in this city. Both ended in the sixteenth round, the first fatally, and the second by a palpable fake. In both fights the "business"—except the fatal accident—was as carefully scheduled as in a routine theatrical performance. In neither fight could the public be induced to bet on the winner, but in both events considerable sums were wagered that the weaker man would last fifteen rounds. In both cases the sporting scribes appear to have done all they could to encourage the belief that the men were fairly matched, until after the results, when the fakers were treated to proper denunciation—too late to be of any use. "The game" seems to be on its last legs, and after July 4 it is likely to be given a long and much-needed rest. Already, it is regarded as a distinct misfortune for San Francisco that the Jeffries-Johnson fight is to take place in the heart of the city instead of at Emeryville, as at first intended. San Francisco is now destined to a great deal of the sort of advertising that she should be at pains to avoid.

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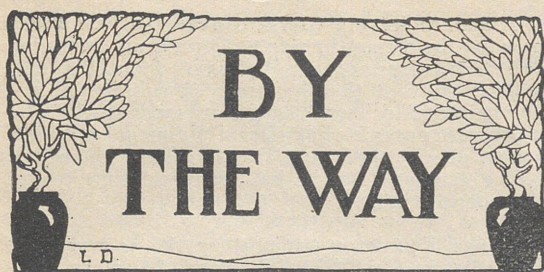
Thomas E. Gibbon was here this week to attend a meeting of the Democratic state central committee. He is credited with having been particularly anxious to induce the committee to demand Nathan Cole's resignation as national committeeman. Apparently, Mr. Gibbon received scant encouragement in this direction. Chairman Raker declaring that Cole had only been found guilty of being poor.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, May 24, 1910.

Senator Frye and Times' Changes

With the appearance in the Times, last Sunday, of an article complimentary to William Pierce Frye, senator from Maine, I am reminded that a dozen or more years ago Senator Frye was being bitterly assailed, early and late, daily for weeks, by this same paper, because the object of attack at that time stood in the way of an appropriation in favor of San Pedro harbor. Uncle Collis P. Huntington was very much alive then, and as head of the Southern Pacific he favored Santa Monica for Southern California harbor purposes, as against the present location. Senator Frye was president pro tem of the upper house in Washington, and was accused of making the contest against San Pedro. So violent was the Times in those days against the senator from Maine that the latter sought to have its Washington correspondent ruled off the senate floor, in punishment. Tempora mutantur. So much so in fact that I hear of organization leaders complaining because the general's espousal of their program, almost before it has been formulated, leaves in its trail a feeling of hostility among the rank and file of Republican voters that it is not easy to combat. Several of these same leaders do not hesitate to say that they would like the Times, for example, to oppose the election of Senator W. H. Savage of San Pedro, who always has been on the Otis blacklist. Yet it is being predicted that Senator Savage not only will not be fought by General Otis, but, on the contrary, the former is to receive enthusiastic support in the Times throughout the coming campaign.



Good Sale of Express Building

I venture to say that Edwin T. Earl, owner of the Express, was excessively annoyed when he read in his own paper last Saturday that the Express building, which has just sold for \$155,000, was "remodeled and two stories added" to the old building on the site. Inasmuch as a previous paragraph informed us that "the present building was erected especially for the Express in 1902," the incongruity of the two statements is apparent. Truth is, the old building that stood on the lot was a one-story frame affair, occupied as a saloon. This was sold to a house mover and the new structure, erected under the direction of the supervising architects, Messrs. Dennis and Farwell, quickly took its place. The plans were drawn from my own designs, which Mr. Earl approved before he went to Europe. When he returned we were almost ready to move in. The three-story stone and brick building, which is substantially built, cost only \$25,000, and has well served its purpose. The lot, as I have stated before, cost Mr. Earl only \$30,000. He demurred at the price at first, but quickly saw the advantages which I pointed out, alley facilities for circulation purposes and good light for the composing room being valuable factors. I am glad to note that he has cleared \$100,000 on the transaction, and I honestly think he owes me a good cigar on the deal, all things considered.

How Don Jose Outwitted Don Pio

We were discussing saddle horses, John Mott and I, and their relative good points. From that the conversation drifted naturally to running horses, whereupon John recalled a wonderful race horse that his maternal grandfather, Don Jose Sepulveda, pitted against Don Pio Pico's celebrated prize winner, Alambre, with a record that was unmatched anywhere up and down the coast. Don Jose, however, was determined to lay the champion low, and without divulging his plans, he sent to Sydney, Australia, for a noted colonial running horse, Black Swan, bred in England, which was considered the peer of any. The horse was shipped to San Francisco and then secretly conveyed to Los Angeles. The race took place in the spring of 1852, over a mile and a half course, the distance to be three miles. One hundred thousand dollars in hides was wagered on the result. Don Jose went to Captain Fremont and gave each member of his cavalry command a saddle horse, taken from his ranch. Said he: "Bet a horse on the race. If Black Swan wins, the horse you win belongs to you; if I lose, pay your debt with the horse I have given you." The race attracted a tremendous crowd for those days, and the betting was furious. The last Spanish governor, Don Pio Pico, was a game sport, and although he suspected toward the end that he was the victim of a clever piece of strategy, he bet his hides freely. Black Swan won handily, and the cavalry command had new mounts, while Don Jose Sepulveda raked in fifty thousand dollars' worth of hides and tallow. No wonder his grandson, Johnny Mott, is fond of a good horse.

McLachlan to be Put on Defensive

Representative James McLachlan will be home as soon as his duties in Washington will permit him to leave the national capital. It is safe to say that from the time he arrives the Seventh district congressman will be busy with his campaign for another term. It will not be surprising if the principal issue against McLachlan in the coming contest is his ownership of a certain Alaska coal claim, which has subjected him to much tart comment in recent magazine articles. McLachlan has said that he would be more than pleased if he could get back the amount of money he has invested in this claim, which he says he acquired in an honorable manner. They who have an eye on the congressional situation profess to be convinced that an attempt will be made to place McLachlan on the defensive throughout the campaign. Congressman Duncan McKinlay of the Santa Rosa district, is to have a similar fight on his hands, in his efforts to secure a renomination. Governor Gillett is another Alaskan coal claim owner, and I understand that Henry T. Oxnard,

who at one time aspired to serve California in the United States senate, and M. H. DeYoung of San Francisco also have such properties.

Tom Graham's Sterling Worth

That Tom Graham, the able assistant general freight and passenger agent of the Southern Pacific railway never overlooks a point within his jurisdiction, I have personal reason to know, for, time and again, I have had occasion to test his alertness. Last week I noticed a complaint voiced in the El Centro Free Lance to the effect that the waiting coaches on local trains at Imperial Junction had been locked, thereby causing passengers annoyance, and in the case of women and children positive discomfort. I made a wager with myself that as soon as Tom Graham learned of this he would rectify it instantly. Sure enough, two days later I saw a reply from him printed in the Free Lance stating that he would take up the matter immediately with the operating department with a view to remedying the complaint. That is the kind of an official that is worth his weight in gold to a public service corporation seeking to grow in popular esteem. Nothing is too petty or too trivial for Tom's notice. He is "on the job" continuously.

Col. Garland Offers Congratulations

Col. William M. Garland, who will be known to future historians as the man that put the proffered United States senatorship aside in order not to disappoint his wife in a tour of Europe, writes to me from Chicago, on his way to New York, whence he and Mrs. Garland will sail June 1, on the Mauretania, to say good-bye and make an announcement. He wishes due credit to go to Mrs. Michael J. Connel for securing the most names of those persons not duly counted by the census enumerators, she having properly presented her claim for sixty-three names hitherto unknown and unthought of. The colonel asks me to express his appreciation of her efforts and to extend his congratulations in behalf of a "fair and thorough count." Having done which I respectfully call upon Mrs. Connel to elucidate the joke.

Frank Wolfe Retires From Herald

Frank E. Wolfe has resigned the managing editorship of the Herald, and in his retirement the paper has lost the services of one of the most efficient and likable newspaper men in the west. Mr. Wolfe is planning to devote his talents to his private business, expecting to resume his journalistic labors in another field at later date. My best wishes to this capable fellow worker. I rejoice to know that the editorial staff recognized his virtues and ability by presenting him with a handsome token of their regard.

Pinchot and Roosevelt May Visit Us

From Washington an occasional correspondent writes me it is not unlikely that Gifford Pinchot will return to San Clemente Island for his annual fishing trip in the summer, bringing with him the redoubtable Col. Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Charles T. Howland, who is the principal owner of the island, says he will see that they are well cared for on arrival. It will be recalled that Pinchot was at San Clemente with former Governor Pardee, the guest of Senator Frank P. Flint, last year, when the Ballinger controversy first waxed warm. This year, Senator Flint is likely to go abroad for his vacation.

Lehman Building Fast Packet

They are building a new steamer at San Pedro which, I am told, is to be a genuine rival as a passenger packet in the San Francisco-Los Angeles coast trade. C. J. Lehman, who has made a fortune in shipping, is to be chief owner of the new boat, which is expected to reduce the running time to San Francisco to about seventeen hours. The vessel is to cost close to a half million dollars when completed and fully equipped. She will not be in commission for a year yet.

Long Beach Welcomes a Power Company

Is the millenium at hand? Instead of damning the corporation for invading new territory, I find the Long Beach Chamber of Commerce, two hundred and fifty strong, actually tendering a banquet to the officials of the Southern California Edison Company, Wednesday night, for their choice of that city as the location of the new great electric plant which ultimately will mean an investment of upward of ten million dollars. It was a notable gathering of "live wires," at which Col. C. R. Drake of the Hotel Virginia, where the banquet was held, did the honors as host, giving way to my old newspaper friend, J. A. Miller of Long Beach, who acted as toastmaster. W. C. Breckenridge, vice-president and general man-

ager of the Edison company, made a telling little speech in behalf of the company; J. Ross Clark, vice-president of the Salt Lake road, followed with a few graceful remarks, and other good speakers were heard from later. The dining room was elaborately decorated in ingenious electrical designs appropriate to the occasion. I commend this good fellowship gathering idea to the people of Pasadena, where, occasionally, I grieve to state, sharp friction has been generated between the municipal corporation and the power company.

Paul de Longpre at Honolulu

Paul de Longpre writes me from Honolulu that he and his wife are having the happiest time of their lives on the island. He says the two ocean trips and six weeks at Waikiki beach give the most ideal rest conceivable, and already he and Mrs. De Longpre are planning to return there next year. This is in line with what "Padre" Bob Burdette and A. L. Stetson have previously declared to be their sentiments.

Canfield in Good Health Again

C. A. Canfield is on the street again after an illness of several weeks, looking about as well as he did before his recent attack of sickness. The well-known oil operator, I understand, has concentrated his affairs and has turned the majority of his stocks and other holdings into cash. He has decided to retire from active business and will take things easy for an indefinite time. Mr. Canfield is among the wealthiest residents of Los Angeles, his holdings in Associated Oil alone having netted him close to \$5,000,000. His ownership in several of the E. L. Doheny enterprises has aggregated much more, so that with other personal and real property, his fortune must be not far from ten or twelve millions.

"Tom" Toland Shakes Ventura

Thomas Toland, who enjoys the distinction of being among the few Democrats who have served the state in recent years, has shaken the dust of Ventura from his feet and has decided to cast his lot, in the future, with Los Angeles. Mr. Toland, who was a member of the state board of equalization a few years ago, from this district, has engaged in the practice of the law here, and I miss my guess if he will not be found doing politics of the Jeffersonian brand before long.

Lyman Farwell Good Assembly Timber

Although Lyman Farwell, candidate of the Lincoln-Roosevelt Republican League for nomination as assemblyman from the Seventy-first district will be pledged to the sending of Judge John D. Works to the United States senate, if elected, which is not the most desirable consummation, he will make amends by his activity in other directions. For example, he is strongly in favor of the complete separation of judiciary from politics, and to this end will work for the elimination of the party circle from election ballots. A remodeling of the direct primary law, the realignment of state assembly districts and the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people are among the measures he will work for if elected. He is of sturdy stuff, honest, capable and energetic—only I wish he were not riding in the Works' funeral car.

Efforts to Preserve "El Ranchita"

One of the most praiseworthy efforts to preserve to posterity all that is possible of the old pre-gringo historic relics is that undertaken by the Governor Pico Museum and Historical Society, of which Mrs. H. W. R. Strong of Whittier is president. Its object is to acquire, restore and preserve the old home of former Governor Pio Pico—"La Hacienda del Rancho Paso, de Bartolo Viejo"—and to collect articles of historic and prehistoric value pertaining to Southern California and the southwest. "El Ranchita," Don Pio's pet name for his home, situated on the relocated El Camino Real, is notable from the fact that it was the largest residence in the state in its palmy days, and the first two-story adobe house to be erected in California. The property became Don Pio Pico's in 1832. There were thirty-three rooms, in 1870, around a central court, paved in red brick, with a well and a tall black fig tree. Don Pio's special delight. The historical society has a fifty-year lease on the property from the city of Whittier, and the work of preservation was begun in 1907, spurred to the task through the action of Charley Lummis, president of the Landmarks Club, whose protests had saved the old mansion from being sacrificed to modern improvements. It is a relic of early days well worth preserving, and as the work of restoration depends entirely upon voluntary contributions, I hope to see liberal donations forwarded to Mrs.

Strong or the treasurer, Mrs. Alice Simmons, to the end that a ruin of this historic value may be saved to present and future generations.

Llanos de Oro Troubles

Llanos de Oro, that will o' the wisp which was to have enriched so many of us a few years ago, again is in the dumps, although there had been a confident promise less than twelve months ago that the enterprise had been financed anew so as to return to all of its shareholders at least the original amount of their investment with an alluring prospect of considerably more. Now it appears there is to be a lawsuit to prevent certain interests from engulfing the company's live assets. The defendants, I hear, are accused of having imposed a new debt of about \$100,000 on the Llanos property, with the deliberate intention of taking over the company in its entirety. The litigation that is threatened may unfold a story that will create no small sensation.

Handling of Financial News

Since the appearance in this department recently of a paragraph to the effect that the alleged financial market reports in the daily press of the city are not what they should be, I detect an attempt to improve condition in this regard. Still, the service is not yet satisfactory. While readers are given daily quotations on Colorado Springs mining shares, for instance, and on securities that were popular on the Comstock nearly half a century ago, a paucity of space is devoted to home markets, where the total transactions recently have been in excess of a million dollars a month. The Graphic's financial usage is admitted to be the most readable of all local papers giving attention to this feature of city life.

David Conrey's Travel "Prep." Days

Since graduating from the high school last fall, David Conrey, the eighteen-year-old son of Judge Conrey, has been enlarging his vision by much travel, preparatory to entering Berkeley or Stanford the coming term. This week David moves on east, first visiting his grandparents in Indiana, later taking in most of the larger cities between Chicago and the Atlantic seaboard. He will be gone six or eight weeks, and on his return will be ready to buckle down seriously to four years of earnest study at one of the two universities named.

Sunsetters' Summer Outing

Today is a redletter one in the history of the Sunset Club. In addition to being notable as the date of the annual summer outing of the club, it marks the septennial gathering at Rancho Los Cacomites, Azusa, where, Sunday morning at 9:30, loving tributes will be paid to the deceased members at a Memorial Tree service, when a brass tablet will be affixed to the live oak tree by Sunsetters Byrne, Francisco, Slauson and Vetter. A song entitled "Peace," written especially for the occasion, will be sung by Sunsetters Foshay, Byrne, Clover, Elliott, Stephens, Patterson, Stewart, Burnham and Moore. Following an address by Sunsetter Elliott, the choristers will sing "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgotten." Names of departed Sunsetters appearing on the tablet are: Harry W. Latham, A. W. Francisco, W. H. Clark, K. H. Wade, Fred W. Wood, Frank A. Gibson, Hugh L. Macneil, John A. Muir, L. E. Mosher, John F. Francis, R. H. F. Variel, J. S. Slauson, A. B. McCutcheon, Enoch Knight, J. H. Davisson, Percy R. Wilson. Special car will leave Pacific Electric station at 4:15 this afternoon for Los Cacomites, reaching Vosburg station an hour later. At 5:30 there will be deep breathing by the Sunsetters, and at 7 dinner will be served under the historic oaks. Toasts will be replied to by Sunsetters Slauson, Lee, Camp, Bulla and Woolwine. After dinner "Halley's Comet" will be the subject of an informal talk by Sunsetter George E. Hale of the Carnegie solar observatory. Of the dark circle gagfest, promoted by Sunsetters Osborne, McKinley, Booth, Scherer, Scott, Wiggins, Parker, Jones (stout) and Hunt, I hesitate to dwell upon. The names recorded here are sufficient evidence of what is in store for the others. I understand there is to be an anvil chorus, a sort of jealous burlesque of the real choristers, led by Sunsetters Davis, Eisen, Holterhoff, Cass, King, Vetter and Alles. Sweet music by Sunsetter Francisco on his violin, a song by Sunsetter Foshay, and a humorous dissertation, the "Quest of the Comet's Tail," by Sunsetter Brook will follow. With the lighting of the camp fire, Sunsetter O'Melveny will assume jurisdiction. His aids are Sunsetters Clover, Foshay and Groff, with Sunsetters Anderson, Lippincott, Wills and Utley as accessories. At the camp fire circle gagfest, Sunsetters Goudge, Gates, Jones (lean), Poin-dexter, Babcock and Slauson will offer a few

thoughts for the delectation of all. At 11 o'clock Al Levy will serve a Dutch supper and at 11:59, with the cry "lights out! here we come!" the agony will begin, led by those arch fiends, Sunsetters Vetter and Osborne. At daylight Sunday there will be a bathing suit plunge in the big reservoir. Hot coffee will be served at 6, breakfast two hours later. At 9:30 occurs the memorial tree service. A ride to Judge Silent's ranch, "Los Alisos," follows, and at 1:30 luncheon will be spread under the sycamores on the bank of Zanja "de Los Cacomites." Sunsetter Slauson will give a toast, "Our Wives and Sweethearts," to which Sunsetter Vetter will respond. Readings and recitations will while away the time until 4, when the Sunsetters will board the car at the foot of Macneil avenue for home—what is left of them.

Quest for District Attorneyship

Thomas Lee Woolwine is likely to have no opposition for district attorney, so far as the Lincoln-Roosevelt element is concerned. That is to say, although Woolwine is a Democrat, and he will be on the official ballot as that party's aspirant for office in the coming election, there will be no reform candidate against him. It will be a pretty fight between Capt. J. D. Fredericks, the incumbent, and the former deputy city attorney, whose energy and perseverance will be pitted against the captain's popularity in the county, where Tom is not so well known as in the city. Having a high regard for both candidates, I can only wish each the best of luck, which may mean that to the one who fails in his quest it may be for the best after all.

Is Dr. Bullard Responsible?

Dear, Dear! Here's the house committee of the University Club breaking out in verse on the occasion of the "Faddist Smoker," to be given at the clubhouse next Saturday night, June 4, for members and their friends. As Dr. Frank Bullard is the chairman of the committee, I strongly suspect that he is responsible for this charge of the "light" brigade infliction:

Come on the fourth of June,
Come with a merry tune,
Come and help us boom
Another hundred.

Cancel all other dates,
Come hear the candidates
Tell their opponents' fates
To the five hundred.

Smoke up, and cheer up, all,
Eat up, and drink up, all—
Come to the jolly call,
No one has blundered.

Come hear a lively mix,
Tipped over politics,
All in a pretty fix,
Woolwine has thundered.

Think of the author of Apistophilon and other noble epics having the audacity to make "June" and "tune" rhyme with "boom," and "dates" with candi-"dates." Truly, the genial doctor is exemplifying the facilis descensus avari theory since he took to wearing a toupee.

Fortunate Southwest Museum

Of decided interest to all students of archaeology is the seventh bulletin of the Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America, setting forth as it does the details of the recent valuable gifts to the society comprising the Charles F. Lummis library and priceless collection, and the Dr. J. A. Munk library of Arizona, said to be the most complete in existence. Dr. Munk has been engaged for twenty-six years in assembling this special library, which includes works on California and New Mexico. There are upward of six thousand books, maps, monographs, magazines, atlases and newspapers included in this remarkable aggregation, with no duplicates. With Dr. Lummis' magnificent donation the public is fairly familiar, since recent newspaper articles have disclosed its nature and told of its great value. Suffice it that the gift ranks among the most important ever made to a western museum, including as it does a historical, critical and scientific library of five thousand items, paintings by Keith and other California artists, letters and manuscripts, photographs, ancient and modern metal ornaments and utensils, implements, pottery, vases, baskets, blankets, armor, images and textile handiwork pertaining to the aborigines of the southwest. This, with the Munk collection, easily puts the Southwest Museum in the front rank as custodian of the history, literature and civilization of the southwest. Twenty-five illustrations accompany the thirty-six pages of the seventh bulletin.

DECORATION DAY ON THE LITTLE BIG HORN

In column of fours the troopers ride,
Out from the post while the day is young;
Veteran troopers, scarred and tried—
And the story of Custer is on each tongue.

Over the alkali trail they trot,
Breathing a sigh for the fallen brave;
Eyes affixed on the fated spot,
Where numberless heroes found a grave.

Past the blanketed, crafty Crows,
Looking askance with their beady eyes;
Steadily onward the column goes,
Up to the ridge where Crittenden lies.

Up to the top of Monument Hill,
In column of twos the troopers pass;
High on the bluff where all is still,
And white stones nest in the buffalo grass.

The echoing bugle thrills the air,
And far o'er the Little Bighorn floats,
Dying away in a fitful blare,
With its ever receding, eerie notes.

Over the trail that Custer trod
March the troopers with reverent tread;
Every step is on blood-bought sod—
Bought with the lives of the valiant dead.

Just as they fell before the Sioux,
Under the headstones white they lie,
Glistening marbles in constant view,
Mutely proclaiming how-heroes die.

Shoulder to shoulder, back to back,
Yates and Keogh and Calhoun fought;
Off to the center the carbine's crack
Spoke of the havoc that Harrington wrought.

Far to the left a speck of white
Tells of a trooper's desperate stand;
Tells of his gallant, hopeless fight,
Right in the heart of the murderous band.

"This is the spot where Custer fell!"
Off with your hats, men, as you pass!
God! what a savage, exultant yell
Rose when he lay on the blood-stained grass.

Sprinkle the soil with manly tears,
Weep for the heroes who died that day;
Here on this spot a country rears
Tributes of love to the lifeless clay.

Over each headstone hang a wreath,
Weeds and the tangled briars efface;
Mutter a prayer for the soul beneath—
Death such as theirs is a saving grace.

Never a moment had they to rest,
Never a priest was present to shrive;
Fighting they fell on the slippery crest,
And never a trooper was left alive.

Children have blossomed to men's estate,
Mothers and sweethearts have passed away
Since Custer's regiment met its fate
Here on the heights that midsummer day.

Comrades, attention! the trumpeter calls—
Ah! what a vision is this one sees;
Over their frailties charity falls—
Christ, have mercy on such as these!

—S. T. C.

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SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF OILS NOW ON VIEW



EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.
Special Exhibition—Kanst Gallery.
Students' Work—High School

By Everett C. Maxwell

The special exhibition of the joint work of William Jurian Kaula and his talented wife, Lee Lufkin Kaula, eight large water colors by Maurice Hageman, and four exquisite colored etchings by Marten Vanderloo, are proving a worthy attraction at the New Kanst Gallery. This exhibition opened Monday of this week and will continue until Monday, June 4. In reviewing an exhibition of this nature, the critic is always more or less handicapped by reason of his lack of acquaintance with the artist or the quality of his previous work. There are those who argue with much sound reasoning that the only fair criticism of a work of art is the one written by the reviewer on the opposite side of the globe from the man who produced the painting. This assertion was, no doubt, the result of a colossal display of favoritism on the part of the critic in connection with the public sally of one or more of his personal friends. Why, asks the layman of sound judgment and cold precision, should personal friendship between the artist and the critic so bias the mind of the latter that he can see nothing but good in the work of the former, which more than likely is frankly bad? There is no answer to this lamentable question, but in nine cases out of ten, it obviously does.

It is a peculiar failing of human nature, more prevalent among the smaller souls of earth who cannot enjoy the divine gift of mutual affiliation without becoming so imbued with the charms of the other that they lose their faculty of discrimination and accept the defects of their natures along with their mental or physical perfections, and the truest and best functions of friendship are destroyed—the power and right to criticize. In our endeavors we grow, develop and expand only through the sharp comparison with the work of our contemporaries. Our best and most exacting critics are sure to prove our best friends, when we "grow up." Laudation is the shield of the carping critic, bidding for unmerited popularity, at the same time it is a poisonous dart in the flesh of the small-minded, which in any profession—art especially—does infinite harm to the one at whom it is hurled.

These artists who are doing the best work locally have all told me time and again that they would much prefer a just criticism than a mere laudatory effusion of well-juggled phrases and clauses beginning and ending in mere words and in reality empty of a tangible point or a helpful suggestion. It stands to reason that a genial, personal acquaintance with the artist, thus giving one an insight into his inner nature and the value which he places upon his great gift, the attitude he assumes toward art as a means of truthful interpretation, would contribute interest to any review.

I never like to condemn or give undo praise to a single canvas by an artist of moderate fame unless I have seen a representative collection of his work. I once praised in a truthful and well-meaning manner a single marine study which hung in a general exhibition in this city several years ago. Later, I was invited to attend a one-man show by the same artist, and I have not yet fully recovered from the shock I received. A chamber of horrors would have been a pleasant diversion after a half hour passed with this display of atrocities. It did not take me long to discover that the "worthy marine" was the result of an accident on the part of the artist, the like of which had never occurred before and never will again.

In considering the work of Lee Lufkin Kaula, who is represented by four

large canvases, a strength and vitality seldom seen in the work of women who paint in oils is at once noticeable. Mrs. Kaula has had the advantage of rare training and professional experience, and her success as a genre painter is rather out of the ordinary. She was a pupil of Charles Melville Dewey in New York and of Aman-Jean in Paris, and was awarded a gold medal at the Colarossi Academy, Paris, in 1897. Perhaps her most attractive canvas in the present showing is the one called "The White Cottage." It depicts a quaint, thatched and gabled roofed house nestling in beds of old-fashioned flowers and almost smothered in stocks of tall pink hollyhocks, which give beautiful contrast of color against the background of pale yellow plaster, with which the cottage is covered. The figure of a woman wearing a vivid blue apron is well placed in this charming composition. The color harmony and general handling is good, and the strong contrasts of light and shadow are nicely rendered. Mrs. Kaula has handled a difficult color scheme with much discrimination, thus producing an effect that in the hands of a less skilled painter might have become exceedingly commonplace.

William Jurian Kaula is a pupil of the Normal Art School and Cowles Art School of Boston, also of Collin in Paris. He is a member of the Boston A. C., N. Y. W. C. C., Paris A. A. A. and W. C. C. His specialty is landscape, two of which are shown at this time. "Red Oak," by far the most important, is a typical "down east" autumnal scene of rare charm. The composition is pleasing, the difficult color scheme masterfully handled, and the feeling of the out-of-doors very realistic. In "Autumn Twilight," a colorful study of eastern scenery, there is a certain lack of quality which is the chief charm of the other canvas.

"French Interior" is not an unusual composition or subject, although the most interesting of Mrs. Kaula's group. The simple interior, indeed, it might be that of the "White Cottage," shows a peasant woman seated in a rush-bottomed chair, before a huge chimney-piece, preparing vegetables for mealtime. Across the table a small, flax-haired child is feeding a baby from a great blue and white bowl. A beam of sunlight enters the room through a tiny casement above the children's heads, falling upon table top and hearth. The drawing is true and the woman's figure strongly modeled. The color is carefully studied and the effect pleasing. "Iridescent Vase" is not so pleasing in handling or composition. A young woman is seated at a round table, holding in her hands an opalescent vase. The figure is rather commonplace and uninteresting. The background of tonal gray is very bold and some crude color appears here and there in the canvas. Very happy indeed is the still life study, "Copper and Apples." The copper jar is of unusual quality and the tones carried into the shadows are excellent.

Marten Vanderloo's four colored etchings are "La Tour Notre Dame," "Canal at Malines," "Sur Japon" and "In Den Mouten Cevel." They are the most worthy examples of this delightful art ever shown in these parts and should find ready buyers in Los Angeles. It would indeed be a shame to allow them to go elsewhere to find a home.

Truth forces me to express my disappointment in the water colors of Maurice Hageman. His work comes to us heavy with the honors heaped upon it by kings, connoisseurs and critics of the old world. When his work was shown in Paris it created a real sensation in art circles. The artist was knighted, decorated with medals, and made a member of everything from the Order of Leopold II. down to the Frame Makers' Union. But it takes more than that to make a man a real artist. The eight studies to be seen at this time vary little in quality or subject. The compositions are the usual green foregrounds, groups of billowy trees, flocks of sheep, herds of cattle, and an indifferent blue and purple sunset beyond. Every art shop in the world has hundreds like them. They possess the quality of an unfinished pastel sketch, lacking strength and solidity. Someone asks me to believe these to be rare ex-



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amples of impressionistic water color. If this be impressionistic, give me realism in double doses.

An interesting feature of the special exhibition at the Kanst Gallery is the display of crafts jewelry and art pottery by Ema Kraft and Mabel Free. Ida Paer shows lamp and candle shades in copper and brass, and Mrs. H. B. Ritter's work in tooled and modeled leather is very attractive.

First of the student exhibitions of the year was given by the art class of the Y. W. C. A. at its handsome studios in the Association building, Tuesday and Wednesday. This was the first showing under the directorship of Helen E. Coan, and is one of the best art exhibitions the association has yet made. Designing, with sufficient crafts work to prove the utility of design, block painting, stenciling, life, still life, and landscape, are the subjects taught in these classes. Miss Coan showed a few examples of her own work, which is always of a high order.

Henry A. Busse, formerly of the Arroyo Guild, is now connected with the Holtzclaw-Allen Company, where his designs in sculptured letters are winning their merited recognition. Mr. Busse is now executing a frieze for the home of A. H. Fleming on Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena.

Charlotte I. Mytton, instructor of the bookbinding department of the Y. W. C. A., held an exhibition of her own and pupils' work in the main lobby of the building Tuesday and Wednesday. The work shown was of rare merit.

Mr. Raymond Boisvert and Mr. Raymond Glass, former pupils of the Art Students' League, have accepted positions in the studio of Charles David Grolle, 422 Blanchard Hall. Mr. Grolle is a designer of stained and leaded glass.

A postcard from Joseph Greenbaum, dated in Paris, April 16, reports that artist's arrival in the foreign capital. He has taken a studio at 52 Rue Champs Elysees.

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CENTRAL BUILDING
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By Blanche Rogers Lott

"Here is England's strength and beauty," wrote Frederick Corder some time ago about the choral singing at English competitive festivals. "Let the blase musician in want of a new sensation pass two days at one of these wonderful gatherings, and hear not only the best of good music, but music of a class to which he is probably an utter stranger. Beyond this he will have such a surprise as to the possibilities of choral performance as no words of mine can hope to describe. I have heard choirs of mill girls that made me wonder what was left for the arch-angels; I have heard choirs of rough men brought to the fine edge of a solo-quartet of trombones; but that crowning glory of the north, the well-selected mixed choir carefully trained by a local conductor, can touch the heart and compel the unwilling tear in a way that nothing else can."

W. J. Galloway, in a new book, "Musical England," calls attention to one little-known aspect of English musical life. "No stranger visiting for the first time a London competitive gathering can fail," he says, "to be struck with the number of societies recruited from large commercial houses and with the excellence of their work." The great railway companies also have their own choirs and amateur orchestras. The Great Western Railway Musical Society is distinguished among its rivals by the admission of female members. The Great Eastern Railway Musical Society is a flourishing type of this particular form of organization. It was founded by officers of the company, it is encouraged and financially supported by directors, and it is administered by a committee representative of every department of the company's system. It consists of a choir and an orchestra, distinct bodies, but trained by the same conductor. Periodical concerts are given.

In these columns the fact has several times been brought out that there is in this city a field of material lying dormant that might be made an active power for choral music. That is among the army of employees of the large department stores. There is no doubt that unusual voices would be found and there would be an eagerness for knowledge and an interest manifested seen nowhere else. There is no doubt there is a selfish disinterest in choral music in Los Angeles among the professional musicians, but before we can call ourselves a truly musical city, there must be supported here a chorus of mixed voices.

The Woman's Orchestra had its annual election last week, and it resulted in the re-election as president, of Miss Cora Foy, whose untiring work in the past has accomplished so much for the organization. The other officers chosen were: Vice-president, Miss Beatrice Atkins; secretary, Mrs. L. M. Loeb; treasurer, Miss Daisy Walters; Mary Mullins, Miss Jennie L. Jones and Mrs. Sidney L. Exley. The orchestra closed its work for the season by playing for the Los Angeles high school, Friday. While Mr. Hamilton, the conductor, is in Europe this summer, he will doubtless replenish the repertory of the orchestra by looking up suitable musical material for it. The publishers' shelves are filled with short, unpretentious works for orchestra, modern and classic, which the Woman's Orchestra is capable of presenting in a finished manner and which we have no opportunity for hearing, the regular symphony concert programs presenting works beyond the scope of the Woman's Orchestra. The Oxford House Orchestra in London and many amateur, but excellent, orchestral organizations in Europe make a specialty of the simpler orchestra compositions to the delight and profit of all lovers of music.

Tuesday evening, May 31, at Blanchard Hall, Miss Lillian Smith, the talented young pianist, will give a last re-

cital before going to Vienna again to take up her studies with the great Leschetitzky. Miss Smith is fortunate in having gained the interest and assistance of Mrs. Richard T. Crane of Chicago, who is one of the best amateur pianists in this country, having been a pupil of Leschetitzky for years. She was heard during the winter at Hotel Raymond, where she was a guest. Miss Smith's program will be as follows, Mrs. Gazzolo-Love, soprano, assisting:

Prelude and Fugue No. 3 (Bach); Moonlight Sonata (Beethoven); Song Cycle, "The Wandering One" (Caro Roma); Dance of the Elves (Sapellukoff); Nocturne, F major (Chopin); Ballad, A flat (Chopin); Barcarolle Caprice (Pentfield); Butterfly Etude (Calixa Lavallee); Rondo Capriccioso (Mendelssohn); Andante Piante from "Lucia," for left hand alone (Leschetitzky); Song, "Torne Amore" (Bazzia-Pecchia); Cradle Song (Henselt); Fantasia, from "Midsummer Night's Dream" (Mendelssohn).

American Music Society's local branch will hold a meeting today to elect new officers and make plans for next season.

Congregational Chorale Club, W. H. Lott, conductor, has set June 16 as the date for its program from the oratorio "Elijah."

The recital of Lester Donohue, the pianist who made so telling an impression as one of the soloists at the last Orpheus Club concert at Temple Auditorium, will be given Friday evening, June 3, at the Gamut Club Auditorium. The program is an excellent one and a musicianly performance of it is assured.

It is probable that a popular Los Angeles singer, who has been in Europe for some time, will return within a few months on a visit. Though she is now known to all as Miss Isabel Curl, she will be Mrs. Enrico Piana after June.

All musical papers have printed accounts of the memorial concert given in Paris to Colonne recently, but an excerpt from a letter of a music lover who was present brings an added interest: "A perfectly marvelous interpretation of Berlioz' 'Damnation of Faust' was a revelation to me in brilliant ensemble. The program began with the Beethoven 'Funeral March,' orchestra and audience standing while it was played. The only empty seat in that immense theater, Chatelet, was in a loge occupied of late by Colonne. His chair was burdened with exquisite white lilies, while the front of the loge was banked with violets."

Mr. Charles Farwell Edson, basso, gave a program in Glendale last week, assisted by Miss Harriet James, pianist. The following excellent songs comprised Mr. Edson's program:

"Bernice" (Handel), "Love Me or Not" (Secchi), "Rest I've None by Night or Day" (Mozart), "The Lass With the Delicate Air" (Arne), "The Jester" (Bantock), "To Russia" (Sidney Homer), "Sweet Eileen" (Edward Green), "Rolling Down to Rio" (Edward Germain), "Life and Death" (Neidlinger), "Oh, That We Two Were Maying" (Nevin), "Mother Mine" (C. F. Edson), "Go Make Thy Garden" (Frank Lynes), "On the Road to Mandalay" (Henry Trevanion), "Havatha's Wooing" (Rossiter G. Cole), and the prologue from "Pagliacci."

The younger pupils of Miss Madge Patton, a leading representative of the Dunning system of improved music study, will give a recital and demonstration of their work this, Saturday, evening, at the University of Southern California. This system is having a large growth in all parts of the United States and has received the endorsement of leading musicians in Germany.

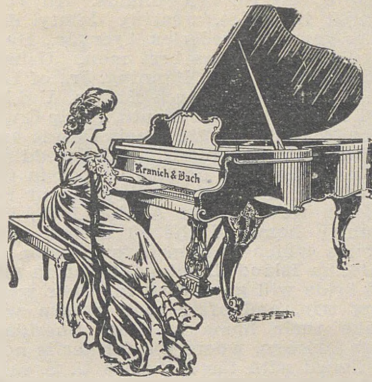
The Musical Courier is to be commended for this dauntless editorial which appeared in a late issue:

The first move in the American campaign against asking musical artists to sing and play free of charge should come from the White House in Washington. At the musicales given there last winter, the prominent musicians who were "invited" to assist, not only received no compensation, but also had to pay their own hotel and traveling expenses.

There has been a vast improvement in the conditions in Los Angeles relative to the professional musician and social engagements. Better prices are being paid to professional musicians by hostesses and the number of the latter is increasing with each social season.

Adele aus der Ohe is not only one of the leading pianists, but also one of the best composers of the fair sex. At a recent concert in Hamburg she played her own suite in B minor, which was much applauded by the public and

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praised by the press. On another occasion, when she played her "Concert Etude" and her "Spinning Song," the Dresden Nachrichten declared that many a well-known composer of the other sex would jump for joy if he had succeeded in producing pieces equal in merit to hers.

Mrs. Bertha Vaughn is to present four of her vocal pupils in recital at Symphony Hall this, Saturday, evening in the following program, Miss Helen Tappe, accompanist:

When the Roses Bloom (Louise Reichardt), Als die alte Mutter (Dvorak), With a Violet (Grieg), Miss Anne Weeks; Serenade (Brahms), Autumn (Franz), The Lord is Mindful of His Own (Mendelssohn), Miss Carmelita Rosecrans; Merry, Merry Lark (Nevin), Seed Song (Huntington Woodman), Pussy Willow (Mildenberg), Miss Eleanor Hornby; Autumn Sadness (Nevin), Sapphistic Ode (Brahms), Love's Springtide (W. G. Hammond), Miss Crystal Waters; Still wie die Nacht (Brahms), Berceuse (Jocelyn) (Godard), One Summer Night (Grieg), Miss Cecile Fleming; Duet, Angelus (Chaminade), Miss Weeks and Miss Rosecrans; Voice of Primavera (Johann Strauss), Miss Eleanor Hornby; My Heart is Weary, air from Nadeshda (Thomas), Miss Crystal Waters; Je dis que rien ne m'a pousse, aria from Carmen (Bizet), Miss Anne Weeks; Ah! Mon Fils (Meyerbeer), Miss Carmelita Rosecrans; Meine Ruh' ist hin (Graben-Hoffman), Miss Cecile Fleming.

Under the patronage of Saint-Saens and the active presidency of Victor Charpentier, brother of the composer of "Louise," a musical association of the most important character has just been formed in France, according to the Christian Science Monitor. Its object is to unite in one fold all the musical societies, choral unions, brass bands, etc., in France. As there are about 12,000 of these with a membership of 300,000 musicians, and as the dues are fixed at one franc per annum, it will be seen that the new association will command handsome resources. It is not the idea of the organizers to use this for pensions, but to devote it entirely to the musical advancement of the various bodies, by establishing a vast central library of scores, band parts, etc., and to provide them with the means of acquiring musical instruments or replacing old ones.

Miss Margaret Goetz will give a concert at the Unitarian church on South Flower street, June 5, at 3:30, to celebrate Schumann's one hundredth anniversary. She will be assisted by Mrs. W. J. Kirkpatrick, soprano; Mr. Ernest Pither, baritone; Mr. Fred Wilson, tenor; Messrs. Jules and Maurice Koopman, violin and cello; Mrs. E. W. Martindale, Mrs. Ada Marsh Chick and Mr. Archibald Sessions, accompanists. Schumann classic songs and duets and selections—soli from "Paradise and Peri," the cathedral scene from "Faust," for women's and mixed chorus, and a trio for strings and piano are among the features of the program. The concert is free.

Monday evening, June 13, at Simpson Auditorium, a testimonial concert is to be given Bruce Gordon Kingsley by leading musicians of Los Angeles in appreciation of the work he has done in the last three years. Mr. Kingsley has been ill for more than three months, but will take part in the program, which will be composed of operatic, vocal, organ and instrumental compositions.

Naval Memorial Services at Venice

A chorus of more than one hundred voices will provide the musical program for the naval memorial services at the Venice auditorium, Monday morning at 10 o'clock. The big choir is under the direction of Dr. Eugene E. Davis, and

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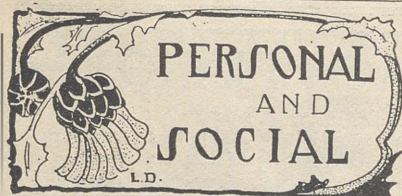
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the soloists will be Mrs. Leo I. Stadden, soprano; Miss Fannie A. Marple, contralto; Spencer Robinson, tenor; Howard B. Clark, basso; Clyde Collington, organist. The program will be as follows: "The Heavens Are Telling," from "The Creation" (Haydn), soloists and chorus; "Praise to the Father" (Gounod), chorus; "Gloria," from Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," soloists and chorus; "Columbia" (Gilmore), chorus; "Hallelujah Chorus," from "The Messiah" (Handel), chorus; "Star Spangled Banner," Mr. Robinson, Mr. Clarke, chorus, organ and audience.



By Ruth Burke

Interest this week was centered about a group of local weddings, that of Miss Katherine Graves, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Graves of Alhambra, who will be married this morning to Mr. Ervin S. Armstrong of Salt Lake City; the marriage in the east, Thursday, of Lieut. George S. Patton, son of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Patton of San Gabriel, to Miss Beatrice Ayer of Boston, the affair taking place in the Beverly Farms church, at Pride's Junction, just outside of Boston; the wedding of Miss Francisca Brodrick and Mr. Walter Schmah, the ceremony taking place Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. W. J. Brodrick, 1936 South Figueroa street; and the marriage of Mr. William Bayly, Jr., to Miss Catherine Garner of Denver, the latter wedding being celebrated at a simple ceremony at the home of the groom's parents Thursday evening.

One of the foremost of the weddings in its interest to the exclusive society folk will be that of Miss Katherine Graves to Mr. Ervin S. Armstrong of Salt Lake City. The marriage, which takes place at 9 o'clock this morning in the Church of Our Savior at San Gabriel, will be marked by extreme simplicity in all details. Only the immediate relatives will be present. Rev. Benjamin Hartley, rector of the church, will officiate at the service and immediately following Mr. Armstrong and his bride will start east on their wedding trip, making New York their objective point. After an absence of two or three months, they will return to Salt Lake City, where they will make their home. Although the marriage is to be simple in its appointments, owing to a recent bereavement in the family of the bride, it is a notable event socially. The young bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson A. Graves of Alhambra, Mr. Graves being first vice-president of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank, one of the strongest of Los Angeles' financial institutions. Mr. Armstrong, who is of a wealthy and prominent family of Salt Lake City, took part in the recent Kirmess and his betrothal to Miss Graves dates subsequent to that event.

As a surprise to his friends and associates was the marriage, Thursday evening, of Mr. William Bayly, Jr., to Miss Catherine Garner, an attractive young society girl of Denver. News of the betrothal and planned wedding had been kept secret and the ceremony, which was celebrated at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Bayly, 10 Chester place, was a simple service, witnessed only by relatives. Rev. Dr. Hunter officiated, and immediately after the wedding Mr. Bayly and his bride left in their automobile for a touring trip. They will return to Los Angeles and will be at home to their friends after July 1 at Hotel Leighton. Later in the season they plan a summer trip.

Particular interest was occasioned in the wedding Thursday of Lieut. George S. Patton of San Gabriel and Miss Beatrice Ayer, the ceremony having taken place at St. John's church, Beverly Farms, Pride's Crossing, just outside of Boston. Rev. Dr. Gordon, pastor of the New Old South church, of that city, officiated. The wedding, owing to the prominence of both families, was a notable social event, and of moment to many in the exclusive society circles of the east and Los Angeles. The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Ayer of Boston, and is a niece of Mrs. Joseph Banning, and a second cousin of Mr. Hancock Banning of Los Angeles. She has many friends here where she has visited. Lieutenant Patton is a son of Mr. and Mrs. George S. Patton. He was graduated last year from West Point. The nuptials were brilliantly appointed, and were attended by many prominent in diplomatic, army and society circles. The bride was attired in her mother's wedding gown, which she wore at the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of her parents last July. She wore a long veil of tulle. Miss Kathryn Ayer, sis-

ter of the bride, Miss Anita Patton of San Gabriel, sister of the groom, Miss Katherine Banning of Los Angeles, a cousin, and Miss Rosalind Wood of Boston were the bridesmaids. All were attired in white, wearing dainty lingerie gowns. Frederick Ayer, Jr., Harvard '11, served as best man. Ushers included Joseph B. Banning, Jr., of Los Angeles, Lieut. George Brown, U.S.N., of Los Angeles, and Lieuts. Philip Gage, Stanley Rumbaugh, Francis Delano and James Bryce. Following the wedding, which took place at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon, a large and resplendent reception was held at Avalon Hall, the country home of the Frederick Ayer family, which is named for Avalon at Catalina Island. Lieutenant Patton and his bride will go abroad for their wedding trip, and after their return will make their home at Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, where the former is now stationed with the Fifteenth U. S. cavalry. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Banning of this city were among the other Los Angeles who attended the wedding.

Of interest to many of the younger set was the marriage of Miss Francisca Brodrick and Mr. Walter Schmah. The ceremony was celebrated Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. W. J. Brodrick, 1936 South Figueroa street, and was witnessed by a number of friends. The home was decorated with quantities of flowers and greenery. In one end of the drawing room a bower of cherry blossoms was formed and beneath this the bridal party stood during the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Dr. Lewis G. Morris, rector of St. John's Episcopal church. Rare Japanese plants were also used in this room. Shasta daisies and ferns were arranged in the dining room, where a supper was served, and the hall was in red and green. The bride was given away by Captain Cameron Erskine Thom, an old friend of the family. She was attired in a lingerie gown embroidered in pink wild roses, with a large white picture hat, trimmed with pink roses. She carried a shower of Cecil Bruner roses. Little Muriel Lapworth, who served as flower girl, carried a muff of the same roses. The best man was Mr. Arthur S. Lapworth. A special program of harp music was rendered by Mrs. J. M. Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Schmah, after their wedding trip, will return to Los Angeles to make their home. The bride is a charming young woman, a member of a family which has long been prominently identified with Los Angeles society. Mr. Schmah, who is a graduate of the University of Chicago, is vice-president of Barrol & Co., bond house.

Mrs. Anthony Eugene Halsey entertained with a bridge tea at her new home, 1702 South Marengo avenue, Oneonta Park, Wednesday afternoon. Effective decorations of scarlet carnations and sweet peas were used throughout the house, and later refreshments were served in the dining room and living room. Handsome prizes were awarded Mrs. David Barmore, Mrs. David Vail, Mrs. Edmond Barmore and Mrs. George P. Thresher. Guests included Meses. S. C. Bogart, George P. Thresher, Edmond Barmore, Lewis Clark Carlisle, J. B. Cornwell, W. S. Cross, David Vail, J. W. McAlester, E. W. Britt, David Barmore, J. T. Fitzgerald, Frederick Goulding, R. H. Howell, Ward, E. F. Hobert, Meses Florence Thresher, Helen Thresher, Elizabeth Page and Lulu Page.

One of the most enjoyable of the week's affairs was the Irish dinner party given Tuesday evening by Mrs. Mary B. Welch of 1138 West Twentieth street in honor of Prof. R. M. Alden of Stanford University, and Mrs. Alden. The home was decorated appropriately in shamrock and other plants and flowers carrying out a color scheme of green, yellow and white. The name cards were in water colors, depicting Irish scenes. Following the dinner a delightful program was presented. Mrs. A. B. Shaw gave an intimate little sketch of the life and career of P. J. Monahan, the famous portrait painter and illustrator of New York City. It was Mr. and Mrs. Shaw who, a number of years ago, took into their home the little Irish waif, who as P. J. Monahan, has won deserved fame as an artist. Mr. Shaw at that time was state printer of Iowa, and young Monahan's first work was in his offices. Rev. Dr. E. A. Healy spoke entertainingly on "Old Ireland." Mrs. Samuel T. Clover contributed a clever original monologue. Mr. R. B. Kirchhoffer sang

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a few of the beloved Irish songs, including "The Wearin' of the Green," and his daughter, Miss Nora Kirchhoffer, gave two Irish recitations, "The Horse Trade" and "The Irish Boarding House Keeper," while Mr. Ainslee Kirchhoffer in costume sang two catchy Irish songs. Impromptu Irish stories were told later by the guests. Among those present were Prof. and Mrs. R. M. Alden, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Milbank, Mr. and Mrs. Gail Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Clover, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Kirchhoffer, Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Healy, Rev. and Mrs. L. G. Morris, Mr. Myers, Mrs. Charles E. Pearce, Mrs. Cora L. Bron-ton of Mesa Grande, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Shaw, Miss Nora Kirchhoffer, Mr. Ainslee Kirchhoffer and Mr. Ronald Pearce.

Miss Grace Rowley, whose marriage to Mr. Thomas Ridgeway will take place June 2, and who has been the recipient of many brilliant and delightful social functions since the announcement of her betrothal several weeks ago, was the guest of honor Wednesday evening at a dinner given by Miss Mary Lindley, 2627 Menlo avenue, members of the bridal party also being guests. Later in the evening twenty-eight couples were invited for dancing. The parlor was prettily decorated with pink sweet peas. Yellow Scotch broom was used in the library, and the dining room was arranged with white sweet peas and greenery. Place cards were hand-decorated with sketches of brides and grooms. Refreshments in the evening were served in the rear garden, which was canvased in and illuminated with electric lights enclosed in Japanese lanterns. Miss Lindley was assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Anthony, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Clark, Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson King, Mr. James M. Moore and Mr. John H. Lindley. Friday evening of last week Miss Rowley shared honors with Miss Katherine Stearns, one of the season's attractive debutantes, at a dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson at their home in Chester place. More than one hundred guests were present, and host and hostess were assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. Ed-

win S. Rowley, Col. and Mrs. John E. Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. David McCartney, and Mr. and Mrs. David Barmore. The latter two young matrons were entertained by Mrs. Wilson with similar dances before their weddings. Mrs. Wilson has as house guests Meses Elsie Delharm and Lilla Titus of Kansas City. Monday evening of this week Miss Rowley and Mr. Ridgeway were the guests of honor at a dinner-dance given by Miss Annis Van Nuys at her home on West Sixth street. The table was elaborately decorated with a profusion of sweet peas. Places were set for Meses Rowley, Evelyn Kennedy, Mary Clark, Olive Harpham, Ethel Shaw, Florence Silent, Ruth Sterry, Mary Burnham; Messrs. Thomas Ridgeway, George Ennis, Don Carleton, Raymond Moore, Courtland Scott Brown, Louis Blankenhorn, James Copp, Joseph Coffman, Dr. Owen Eversole and the hostess. After the dinner upward of a dozen couples were invited in to dance.

Prof. Raymond M. Alden of Stanford University and Mrs. Alden, with their two children, are visiting Mrs. Alden's mother, Mrs. S. A. Woodcock of 2310 Cimarron street. Mrs. Alden will stay here until August, pending the return of her husband, who left for Chicago Wednesday to fill an engagement at the summer school of Chicago University.

Judge and Mrs. J. W. Summerfield of 2283 Cambridge street, with Mrs. Harriet E. Spencer of West Twenty-third street, will give a delightful reception at their home this evening in compliment to Miss Ruby Bridges, a successful young actress who is passing a part of her vacation in this city. Among the guests invited for the evening are Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Chick, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Leo Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Bren Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Ferris, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Kolb, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Bronson, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Tappaan, Mr. and Mrs. Ross T. Hickox, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Paul, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. David Landau; Meses. Marche Champ, D. P. Doak, Lulu B. Ross, Nelson Kingsland, Rambeau, Virder; Meses Katherine Baker, Zoe Barnett,

Honora Labory, Mattie Labory, Comport, Beth Taylor, Marjorie Rambeau; Commander Ward Winchell, Dr. E. P. Woods; Messrs. T. H. Harris, George Damron, Calvin Green, Gilbert Brown, Walter Goldsmith, Chipron, Ballinger, Fanning and Herman Hauser.

Among the Stanford students who have returned to their homes here for the summer vacation are Messrs. Sidney Ellis, Weston Wilson, Allan Crary, Nelson Taylor, Arthur Taylor, Bert Ball, Alvin Frank, Alfred Hagerman and Jack Harrigan. Berkeley boys who are down for the holidays include Messrs. David Brant, Roy Simon, Willis Payne, Lester Hibbard, Hudson Hibbard, Walter Shroeder, Frank Badgley, Leslie Stahl, Stewart O'Melveny and John Salisbury.

Date for the wedding of Mrs. Vinneta Beggs and Mr. Woods R. Woolwine has been set for Wednesday noon, June 1. The ceremony will be celebrated at the home of Mrs. Beggs' mother, Mrs. J. Irving Riddle of 400 Westlake avenue, and will be witnessed only by relatives and a few friends. After a month's trip, Mr. and Mrs. Woolwine will be at home at 3719 North Broadway.

Mrs. George Macauley and Mrs. M. S. Strohm were hostesses Tuesday at a luncheon of thirty-five covers, the affair being given at the home of Mrs. Strohm, 2620 Menlo avenue. This was the concluding one of a series of luncheons. Pink sweet peas were used in decorating.

Mrs. W. S. Cross of West Twenty-ninth street will entertain with a luncheon and bridge party next Tuesday in honor of Miss Josephine Alice Seaman, a bride-elect. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Cross will give a dinner for thirty friends.

Formal announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Curl of West Thirty-fourth street of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Isabel Curl, to Lieut. Enrico Piana of Rome, Italy. The wedding will take place in London, England, in June.

Miss Henrietta M. Russell, local representative of The Concert Goer, will leave Saturday night, June 4, for an extended summer vacation in the east. She will be accompanied by Miss Alice Russell, a talented soprano, and Edwin Russell, baritone, and they will give a number of concerts on their tour. Miss Russell is a clever pianist, and all three have been heard at several enjoyable concerts in the course of the past season.

Miss Margaret Goetz is occupying her new home, 308 Reno street, and will be at home to her friends Sundays and the first Fridays.

Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Brent will entertain with a masquerade dinner at their Berkeley Square home.

Date for the marriage of Miss Blanche Loomis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Loomis of 960 Arapahoe street, to Mr. Harry B. Tuttle, has been announced for Thursday evening, June 2. The ceremony will be celebrated at the home of the bride's parents and will be a beautifully appointed affair. An extended wedding trip is planned, and after August 15 Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle will be at home to their friends in the pretty bungalow which Mr. Tuttle is building for his bride on Kingsley drive.

Mrs. Bert Harmon Merchant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Albers, has left for the east, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. French, at Piqua, Ohio. She will be away from Los Angeles for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Salisbury, who were recently married, are guests of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Salisbury of 2630 Menlo avenue.

Wednesday and Thursday afternoons Mrs. George Goldsmith entertained with progressive floral bridge whist at her home, 967 Westmoreland avenue. At the Wednesday afternoon affair decorations were in yellow and brown, each table being covered with bronze brocade. Sixteen guests were present, and prizes of Japanese plants, sweet peas and lilies of the valley were awarded.

Monday afternoon Mrs. Morris Albee of Juliet street was hostess at the first of a series of bridge luncheons which she will give this summer. The decorations were in Shasta daisies and green

satin ribbon, the color scheme being carried out in the refreshments and in the hand-painted score cards. Covers were laid for twelve, the guests including Messrs. William E. Dunn, S. W. MacNeil, Florence Crampton, Charles M. Noyes, Wilbur M. Wallace, George Goldsmith, Calvin M. Seeley, John S. Vallely, David McCan, E. P. Pettigrew and Miss Laura Smith.

Miss Florence Moore of 2277 Hobart boulevard will leave June 2 for a four months' trip abroad. She will join friends, Mrs. Robert London and Miss Lucy Smith of St. Louis, en route, and will sail with them on the Oceanic, June 16. Her itinerary will include all the interesting points of the European countries.

Mrs. W. O. Morton of the Navarro Apartments has gone to Redlands, where she is the guest of Mrs. B. F. Church, formerly of this city.

Miss Jean Sawyer Hooper of Denver, Colo., arrived Friday of last week to make an extended visit with her aunt, Mrs. Thomas McKee of 1683 West Twenty-fourth street. A number of informal entertainments are planned in Miss Hooper's honor.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Higbee of 2626 West Ninth street have taken a cottage at Ocean Park for the summer, and will close their city home about June 15.

Mrs. E. W. Forgy of Ardmore avenue was hostess Thursday afternoon at a bridge luncheon.

Mrs. Beatrice Hubbell Plummer of Pasadena was hostess Saturday evening at a dinner given at the Hotel Leighton. Places were set for fourteen and the table was decorated in gladiolus, centuria and asparagus ferns.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mitchell gave a box party at the Burbank Theater, Monday evening, their guests including Countess Wachtmeister, Miss Sybil Jones, Mr. James Taylor-Kelley, Mr. Douglas Fox, Mr. James Pringle, Count Axel Wachmeister and Mr. James B. Lankershim.

Mrs. William Carlos Read of Thompson street and her sister, Miss Sara Goodrich, will leave in a day or two for Europe, joining a party of music lovers who are going over to Oberammergau to see the Passion Play.

Mrs. W. D. McGilvray of Pasadena is a guest of her daughter, Mrs. O. J. Salisbury, formerly Miss Marion McGilvray, who is staying at Santa Monica.

Many delightful prenuptial affairs are being given in compliment to Miss Ouina Lisk of Pasadena, whose marriage to Mr. William Landon will take place June 1. Miss Adelaide Salmon of Pasadena is also being feted by the younger set. Her marriage to Mr. Clinton Morgan has been announced for the early part of June.

Dr. and Mrs. Hartman V. Travis of Perris, Tenn., who were married about a year ago, have returned to this city, where Mr. Travis will locate permanently. Mrs. Travis was Miss Adelaide Ball.

Mrs. W. F. McFie and her son, Mr. Maynard McFie, left Friday morning of last week for a trip to New York and Chicago.

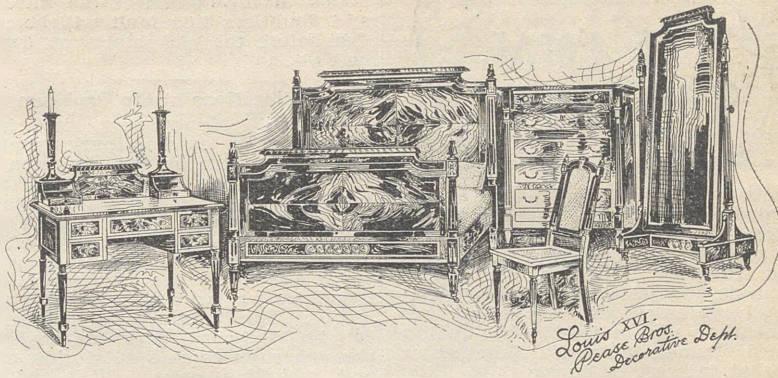
Mrs. Bert Orlando Bruce of 828 Third street, Santa Monica, will entertain today with a bridge party in honor of her house guests, Mrs. Hendricks and Miss Laura Chase Smith of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Ellen Kennelly of Santa Monica has been entertaining as her house guests, Mr. and Mrs. David Kennelly and children of Hollywood and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Kennelly of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Sadie Whalen and daughter, Miss Marie Whalen, have gone east, en route to Europe for a year or so of travel. They will stop at Colorado Springs and in New York and Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie C. Brand gave a delightful dinner-dance Friday of last week at their home in Glendale. The house was artistically decorated with Enchantress carnations and ferns, and the tennis court was enclosed with vines and used for the dance. Guests included about thirty young married couples.

Mrs. R. B. Clemens of 1970 La Salle avenue has returned from a visit of three months with her sister, Mrs. George C. Boldt of the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. In her absence from Los



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Angeles, Mrs. Clemens was the recipient of much social attention, teas, luncheons, dinners and theater and opera parties having been given in her honor.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Field have closed their home here for the summer and have taken apartments at Hotel Hollywood for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Barnes of Magnolia avenue announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Mabel Barnes, to Mr. Matthew William Harker of Mitchell, S. D. The wedding will take place in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick L. Eldridge of 140 Olive avenue, Hollywood, will leave soon for an extended tour through the gold fields of Alaska, under the auspices of the steamship department of the German-American Savings Bank. They will visit Skagway, Sitka, White Horse and Dawson, thence down the Yukon to Fairbanks, St. Michael and Nome, returning to Seattle. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thomas, Dr. and Mrs. P. Kethel and Mr. and Mrs. J. McArthur will leave on the same steamer. Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Christian, Miss Dickinson, and Mr. and Mrs. J. McMorries of Hotel Heinzeman will leave soon under the same auspices for an extended tour of Japan, China, Korea, Siberia and the Orient. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cox and Mr. and Mrs. J. Peters have bookings on the same steamer. Among those who will make the European trip are Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Davidson, Miss Oakley Davidson and Mr. J. O. Davidson of Hotel Van Nuys. They will sail from New York on the S.S. Campania, arriving at Queenstown, whence they will motor through Ireland, Scotland, England, France, Germany and other parts of Europe.

At the Hotel Resorts

Saturday last the Jolly Old Ladies Club, to the number of twelve, were entertained at luncheon at Hotel Mt. Washington by Mrs. Catherine H. Putnam. The glass dining room was profusely decorated with baskets of old-fashioned flowers, while pink sweet peas were used for the table. After luncheon the guests adjourned to the

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music room, where work bags were brought forth and knitting and embroidery were all absorbing until 4 o'clock, when tea was served beside the big inglenook fireplace. For this one day they were all girls again, although the youngest member of the little company was sixty-three, and their aggregate ages amounted to more than a thousand years. Those present besides the hostess were Mrs. D. F. Pratt, Mrs. M. H. Kerdalt, Margaret W. Driscoll, Myra M. Merriam, Mary C. Hill, Mary L. Sill and Amedia B. May of Los Angeles, and G. S. Lick of Pasadena. Mrs. Hannah A. Morton and Mrs. Harriet Garwood of Santa Monica, and Mrs. J. C. Foster of River Falls, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bacon of San Francisco are house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bacon of North Bonnie Brae street.

Mr. A. D. Shepard gave a delightful little dinner at Pebble Beach Inn, Saturday evening, to some of the artists whose works are exhibited in the Del Monte gallery. It was a very jolly affair, with an elaborate menu, charming speeches and toasts and a little dance afterward. The guests were Miss Evelyn McCormick, Miss Isabel Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hunter, Mr. Will Sparks, Dr. Arnold Gentles, Miss Le Neale Morgan, Mr. Burgdoff, Mrs. Shepard, Miss Shepard, Mrs. H. R. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Boronda, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, Loel D. Martin,

(Continued on Page Fifteen)



Smooth and well-played to a degree not always evident in a first night production was Monday night's presentation of "The Squaw Man" at the Belasco Theater. Much of this Royle drama is theatrical clap-trap, plentifully besprinkled with epigrams; yet it has that certain indefinable quality termed "human interest." Whether or not that interest is imparted to it by the excellent work of the Belascoites is a moot question. Lewis Stone is always worth while, and never more so than in a semi-tragic part such as Jim Wynnegate, the English officer who sacrifices himself on the altar of love, and takes upon his shoulders a crime which he did not commit. Stone strikes the right chord, reaching the hearts of his audiences, as the tear-dimmed eyes of the feminine portion and the wildly waving handkerchiefs of the shame-faced masculine theatergoers manifest. The one thing to be criticised in Mr. Stone's performance is in neglecting to give himself the appearance of a Wyoming cattleman. In costuming he is technically correct, but it is certain that no man ever passed seven years in the cattle country without acquiring a deep coat of tan on face and throat and arms. Charles Ruggles, in a cameo-like character drawing, is the only member of the company who seems fully to realize that fact. Excellent work is done by James Corrigan as Big Bill, and William Yerance is so admirable a sheriff that one quite forgets the fact that he is attired in a nicely laundered white shirt and a tailored suit, carefully powdered on one shoulder with imitation alkali dust. Charles Giblyn does not measure up to his usual standard as the earl of Kerhill. Mr. Giblyn is more like a toy soldier than a titled scoundrel. Florence Oakley is a charming Lady Diana, and Ida Lewis is effective in a grande dame role. The Camp family has its innings this week. Frank Camp, Sr., offers a capitally executed drawing of the bold bad man of the plains, and small Frank Camp proves himself a precocious youngster as Little Hal. After a long absence from the Belasco stage, Margaret Langham-Stone returns for a special engagement in the part of Nat-u-rich, which she makes keenly pathetic. Minor parts are well done.

"Rose of the Rancho" at the Burbank

That Los Angeles possesses two of the best stock companies in the United States never has been better demonstrated than this week, with two such ambitious undertakings as "The Rose of the Rancho" and "The Squaw Man" being given productions that rival, and in several instances excel, the metropolitan presentations. At the Burbank the theater-goer is transported into the dreamy, manana atmosphere of early California, with its witching senoritas. The first act is like a misty picture—making doubly effective the strenuous scenes which follow. Staged with a lavish hand, yet discreetly, the play is given a setting that is a delight to the eye. As the captivating and wilful Juanita, Marjorie Rambeau is delicious. She is alternately the fiery little coquette and the tender-hearted maiden. Her accent is not entirely successful, lacking the true Spanish touch, but it is so quaintly pretty that this discrepancy is forgivable. In appearance, in her gracefully swinging walk, and in her costuming she is a true daughter of the Castilians. Byron Beasley evidently finds a part to his liking as Kearney, the "gringo," and he plays it with a vigor that adds greatly to the success of the drama. His handling of the big scene in the second act is splendid, and his love passages are winningly played. As the lovelorn caballero, Don Luis, Harry Mestayer scores another of his character successes, and H. S. Duffield offers a well-conceived picture of the old padre. In his brief appearance as Kinkaid, the land-jumper, David Hartford well-nigh runs away with the masculine honors. A pathetic bit that marks David Landau as a real artist is his Sunol—a creation which lingers strongly in the memory. The one thing to be decried in the entire performance is the lack of

action in the climax of the third act, and doubtless this fault will be rectified before the play starts on its second week.

Attractions at the Orpheum

Marshall Montgomery is rightly termed "the extraordinary ventriloquist," his turn at the Orpheum this week presenting sufficient evidence of his ability to merit that title. The Orpheum has witnessed the work of a number of such performers, good, bad and mediocre, but Mr. Montgomery easily heads the list as the best ventriloquist we have heard these many moons. He smokes, eats, drinks and coughs while he puts his mannikin through a succession of stories, songs and whistling solos. That old-time stock favorite, Elita Proctor Otis, is also a feature of the Orpheum program. Her sketch will doubtless provoke the antipathy of the W. C. T. U., nevertheless it is the cause of unrestrained mirth on the part of her audiences. Miss Otis' rotund jollity finds excellent vent in "Mrs. Bunner's Bun," in which she plays an intoxicated woman, with as little offense as such a spectacle can afford. She is rather vociferously assisted by Harry Burkhardt. Anna Laughlin is a disappointment to more than one anticipatory vaudevilian. Her voice is a minus quality and her personal magnetism is greatly diminished by her affectations. The last of the new acts is an exhibition of club manipulation by the Five Juggling Normans, who combine acrobatics and club swinging in a marvelously skillful fashion. Holdovers are Cressy & Dayne in "Town Hall Tonight," Lockwood & MacCarty, Lancton Lucier & Company, and the Night Birds.

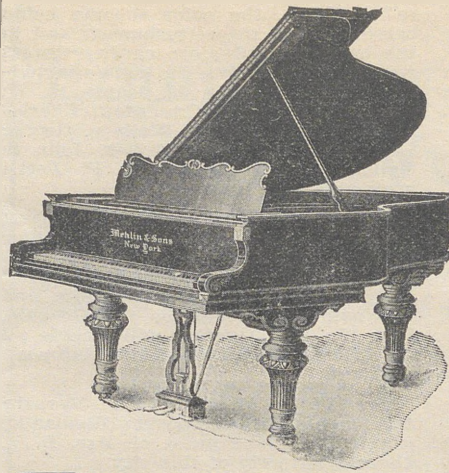
Offerings for Next Week

George Broadhurst's enormously successful play, "The Dollar Mark," will be revived at the Belasco Theater the coming week, with Lewis S. Stone and most of his associates in the same roles that they created in this notable play of American finances a year ago. At the time of the original production at the Belasco, a new world's record for stock company offerings was established. "The Dollar Mark" succeeded in crowding the Belasco for ten successive weeks, which means that one hundred performances of the play were given before it was retired. Lewis S. Stone once more will be seen in the role of James Gresham, the young mine owner who successfully goes up against the millions of his business adversaries and defeats his bitterest opponent in love. Florence Oakley will have the role which she created—Alice Chandler the young heroine of the play. Adele Farrington will succeed Beatrice Noyes as Millicent Foster, the manicure girl, and Helene Sullivan will play Mrs. Chandler. James Corrigan will be seen as Anthony Martin, and Frank Camp will have a big opportunity as Carson Baylis. Scenic Artist Brunton has surpassed his earlier efforts in providing attractive stage pictures for "The Dollar Mark." Following this play, the Belasco company will offer Robert Edeson's play of British Columbia, "The Call of the North." This is a dramatization of Stewart Edward White's story, "The Conjuror's House."

Beginning Sunday matinee, "The Rose of the Rancho," the picturesque drama of early California life will enter on its second week's run at the Burbank. Staged under the personal direction of Frederic Belasco, it enjoys all of the advantages of the Belasco genius for stagecraft. In the part of Juanita, Miss Marjorie Rambeau is irresistible. Byron Beasley is acquitting himself with credit, as is the entire Burbank organization. "The Rose of the Rancho" is destined to rank as another of the Burbank's red letter productions. There will be a special matinee Monday, Decoration Day.

Next week the Majestic Theater will be closed, reopening Sunday, June 5, with James K. Hackett, who will play a limited engagement, beginning with "The Pride of Jennico," a dramatization of the Agnes and Edgerton Castle "best seller." Other popular Hackett roles in which this star will be seen are "Samson" and "Monsieur Beaucaire." Following Mr. Hackett, Miss Virginia Harned will appear in a repertoire of her best roles, including the famous "Anna Karenina."

Baseball comedy will be headlined for two weeks at the Orpheum, begin-



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FOURTH AND SPRING.

ning Monday matinee, Decoration Day. "Swat Mulligan," from the pen of Zozeman Bulger, is a real baseball playlet, and will be presented by Viana Bolton, Johnny Gorman, Charles Kennedy and Jack Loe. The skit opens with a moving picture of the crowd gathering for the great championship game between the Giants and the Cubs. Then the film disappears and the action takes place outside the fence, through which a little girl peeps while a messenger boy describes the game. The Avon Comedy Four is a quartet that is said to offer something different in a sketch, "The New Schoolmaster." A recent Orpheum importation is the Sisters Klos, three athletes, who have just finished a run at the London Hippodrome. They perform a number of novel feats of strength and agility. John McClosky, who has been named "the American Caruso," will be one of the chief attractions of the bill. Holdovers are Elita Proctor Otis, the Nor-

for eleven years with Sousa; Franz Helle, the flugel horn player; George Mulford, piccolo soloist; John Hughes, cornet, and Henry Meyer, Jr., xylophone.

Asides

Scientists may be puzzled as to the location of that mysterious comet's tail, but a rumor is afloat along the Rialto that members of the Belasco company have inside information as to its whereabouts, gained during a "comet party" given by M'sieu John Blackwood and his charming wife. Weird and wonderful tales as to the "doings" at that affair are rife on the boulevard, but the only confidence divulged is that the Thursday matinees opened on time—which was really an achievement.

One of the new members of the Belasco company, Charles Marriott, has the rather curious experience of playing the Bishop of Exeter in the first act of "The Squaw Man" and "doub-



MARJORIE RAMBEAU, AS "THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO," BURBANK

mans, Ana Laughlin and Marshall Montgomery. The moving pictures will tell the story of "Ramona."

Summer weather has increased the popularity of Levy's Cafe Chantant, and the serving of ices and light lunches at the afternoon tea hour has augmented the feminine patronage to a great extent. For the coming week Manager Levy will introduce a new novelty dance team, Edward Raymond and Vera Hall, from the Majestic Theater in Chicago. Mae Rerdelle has made such a hit in her popular talk-a-logues that she will be retained for several weeks. A new feature of the bill will be the introduction of Carrie Rose, the whistling nightingale, a pleasing innovation. The Kristoffy Trio have arranged the trio number from "La Traviata," a group of Sicilian folk songs, and a modern number of up-to-date songs. Carlton Chase, the Beau Brummel, will continue his popular selections, and Kammermeyer will contribute his usual excellent orchestral selections.

Ohlmeyer's Coronado Band will be the next big musical attraction to be presented to the Los Angeles public, and will be heard at the Auditorium the afternoons and evenings of June 16 and 17. This year Mr. Ohlmeyer will present an exceptional array of solo artists, including such well known names as Herbert L. Clark, the noted cornetist,

ling" as Nick, the bartender of the Long Horn saloon, in the second. A strange caprice of Thespis.

Oliver Morosco has added a valuable member to his stock aggregation in the person of Myrtle Vane, who has been playing leads at the Grand Opera House. Miss Vane will play the "heavy" roles during the James K. Hackett engagement at the Majestic Theater.

Lovell Alice Taylor, whose resignation from the Burbank forces brought regret to many theatergoers, is enjoying a vacation in the mountains before she proceeds to Oakland to visit her mother and sister.

"Morty" Lazard, who is almost as familiar a figure as Mannie Lowenstein, will leave soon for New York to join Emilio Gorgoza, preparatory to managing the next season tour of the famous baritone.

Mark Twain's official biographer is Albert Bigelow Paine, who, together with the deceased humorist's daughter, is the author's literary executor. Mr. Paine is now at work preparing biographical material and gathering those letters of Mark Twain's which have a biographical or a literary interest. Mr. Paine is anxious that these letters may be given to the public in as complete a form as possible. To accomplish this he asks that any one having letters of

Belasco Theater BELASCO-BLACKWOOD CO., Props. and Mgrs.
WEEK BEGINNING WITH SPECIAL DECORATION DAY MATINEE.
LEWIS S. STONE And the Belasco Theater Company will offer a magnificent revival of George Broadhurst's famous play,

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3:00 to 5:30, 8:30 to 10:00 10:30 to 12:30
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CARRIE ROSE, the Whistling Nightingale; The Kristoffy Trio; Grand Opera Singers: Carlton Chase, the Fashion Plate of Vaudeville; MAE REREDELL, Dainty and Dashing in Musical Travelogue; Ed Raymond and Vera Hall, Novelty Dancers, and Kammermeyer's Orchestra. Best bill of year.

Baseball--Pacific Coast League TWO GAMES MONDAY, 10:30 a. m., 2:30 p. m., Chutes
VERNON VS. OAKLAND
Saturday, May 28, 2:30, Chutes Park. Sunday a. m., 10:30, Vernon Park. Sunday p. m., 2:30 Chutes Park.
May 31, June 1, 2, 3, 4, Vernon vs. San Francisco.
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this nature by Mark Twain communicate with him at Redding, Conn. All letters received will be copied and returned to the sender.

Tennis Tournament at Mt. Washington

More than ordinary interest attaches itself to the Invitation Lawn Tennis Tournament which the Pacific States Lawn Tennis Association opens today on the new tennis courts at Hotel Mt. Washington. "Our champion," little Miss May Sutton, who went down to defeat before the fierce volleying of Hazel Hotchkiss, the Berkeley girl, at the recent Ojai tournament, has been in hard training for the coming match, in which she will endeavor to regain her lost laurels. Miss Sutton and Miss Hotchkiss have both been practicing on the Mt. Washington courts in preparation for the event, Miss Sutton playing her games with masculine opponents. It will be a case of Greek meeting Greek, and the outcome is not confidently prophesied by either side. The tournament opens this morning at 9:30, with mixed doubles. This afternoon, beginning at 2 o'clock, men's doubles will be played, and at 4 o'clock there will be a singles match between Maurice E. McLoughlin and Thomas C. Bundy. This evening there will be a tennis dance in the ballroom of the hotel, to which the contestants and their friends have been invited. Monday morning the tournament resumes with a continuation of play in men's doubles, which will be completed down to the finals. Monday afternoon, Melville H. Long will play Alphonso E. Bell at 2 o'clock, and at 3 o'clock the event of the tournament, the contest between Miss Sutton and Miss Hotchkiss, will be waged in a singles match. Finals in mixed doubles and men's doubles also will be played Monday afternoon. Handsome prizes will be awarded the victors in each event.



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ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE



"To the Lady of Courage Whom I Married"—a novel dedication that, by which Will Levington Comfort introduces his newspaper story, "Routledge Rides Alone." The tale is a strange combination of love, oriental mysticism and hot-blooded war, in which the underlying cause for the Russo-Japanese difficulty is ascribed to the madness of a London war correspondent of Irish descent, involving the prejudices and policies of half a dozen nations. It is a clever conception, briefly contained in one paragraph of Routledge's soliloquy at the battle of Liaoyang before the memorable ride to the free cable:

The whole story of the years which had prepared this amphitheater for blood on this sweet last summer day. . . . Oppression in Tyronia; treachery in India; the Anglo-Japanese alliance; the Russo-Japanese war—a logical line of cause and effect running true as destiny, straight as a sunbeam through all these huge and scattered events—holding Asia in the palm of history; farther back to the Kabul massacre, was to be traced the red history of this day—the mad British colonel; Shubar Khan! . . . And what did the future hold? If Russia called the French and Germans to her aid, England, by treaty, was called to the aid of Japan. America might be drawn by the needs of England, or for the protection of her softening cluster of Philippine grapes. Famine in a Tyronia town; a leak in one Tyronia patriot's brain—and a world war!

Jerry Cardinegh, dean of the British war painters of war, is the Tyronian who is the cause of it all. Stealing the written evidence of a massacre of the Indians in Afghanistan, he delivers the papers to a Russian spy, who is inciting the border states of British India to war against English domination with a view to claiming a share of the territory for Russia. Discovery of the theft leads England to make a treaty with Japan and diplomatically to stir up war between Russia and Japan, thus avoiding the danger in India. Jerry Cardinegh and Cosmo Routledge, "born in America, a correspondent for the British, a citizen of the world, at home in India," a wizard with the pen, who always "rides alone" the better to bring in his wonderful tales of far chances, night attacks, the enemy at first hand, and to gather the human interest garnishings, are suspected of the robbery. Jerry, that he may reach London and once more see his beautiful daughter, Noreen, fixes the guilt on his dear friend, intending to confess there. So Routledge must bear the hatred of London without knowing the cause for a time. And when Jerry makes known to him the treachery, Routledge begs the old man, under the flimsy excuse that he can better write a book he has in mind thus incumbered, to let him continue to bear this disgrace, which on account of international reasons cannot be made newspaper property. So Routledge becomes a hunted "free lance" for an American paper during the Russo-Japanese war and for the love of his friend Jerry and of his superlatively lovely daughter, who knows not the nature of his disgrace, but trusts and loves him through all, keeps silent. At Jerry's death the plucky reporter is exonerated and after the exciting ride against Bingley, the London correspondent, to the uncensored press in Shangkaiwan, is joined by his faithful sweetheart.

Famine conditions in India are strongly drawn, and in Rawder and his Hindu master is introduced a flavor of mysticism and occultism like a heavy haze of incense. Comfort's style is bold and florid, rich in simile well suited to the action of the plot, bearing the unmistakable signs of the news office, which in this instance is highly appropriate. This lends a piquancy that covers any faults of carelessness that may appear. The book is quite out of the ordinary among the modern novels of the day. ("Routledge Rides Alone." By Will Levington Comfort. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"Personal Conduct of Belinda"

Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd has a pretty gift of romancing, and never has it been more skillfully evinced than in her latest story, "The Personal Conduct of Belinda." Belinda is a fantastic creature—an April child of tears and laughter and whims. Belinda has sunny brown hair, delicate freckles and dim-

ples, and is altogether a most winsome and delectable maiden. Nevertheless, Belinda is a school teacher who personally conducts a party of Americans on a European tour and endeavors to show them the sights of the old world. Naturally, there is a young man in the case—a likeable sort of chap, who will at once become the ideal of every high school damsel who reads the story. There are the necessary obstacles in the path of true love, but it all ends in fairy story fashion, and everybody "lives happy ever after." It is such a clean, merry little story, with its touches of pathos and quaint humor that it becomes a treasure in these days of pyrotechnic pornography. ("The Personal Conduct of Belinda." By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Lady Merton, Colonist"

Naturally, a union of Canada and England is more felicitous than that of a British nobleman and a hybrid American heiress, as in Mrs. Humphry Ward's last book, "Marriage à la Mode," which called forth so much criticism but a year ago, hence "Lady Merton, Colonist," although not so strong perhaps, will meet more favor.

Lady Elizabeth Merton and her semi-invalid brother, Philip Gaddesden, traveling from Quebec through the great untamed west of Canada to Vancouver in a private car—the guests of the Canadian Pacific because of the name and services of their father in the early history of the road—encounter rather unusual adventures for two conservative Britishers, but not at all amazing to an American of the states. That Elizabeth should be inspired by the beauties of the trip seems natural enough and that a handsome and rising young Canadian, whom accident on the line at an early stage of the journey throws into the circle of their traveling acquaintance and who proves so valuable as a friend and entertainer, should interest the charming widow and win over the exacting, peevish patient, does not appear strange. When specifically tried, he proves quite a manly sort of chap. And Arthur Delaine, the English suitor, who has pursued the woman of his choice to America, is such a cad, bloodless, decadent and lacking in manly principle when the test comes, that there is only one logical conclusion, the fair Elizabeth's capitulation to the heroic George Anderson.

There—it is a romance of the rail, involving subject matter for an epic poem, namely, the intelligent building of a great nation out of the elements, as it were; the movement into the new and untried wilderness of settlers eager to match a more even strife with natural elements than with the limited, artificial compounds of an old civilization. Even Lady Merton is caught by the infection and becomes a colonist in a dignified and comfortable way.

If English gentlemen are to be judged by Mrs. Ward's recent portrayals they must be colorless, desiccated individuals. It does not seem that the inspiration of her friend's "enchanted narratives of travel and exploration . . . in that noble, unvisited country which lies north and northeast of the Bow Valley and Kicking Horse Pass" has been conveyed as strongly as the author evidently intends, still there are several pretty bits of description and a good general idea of the section and the events of colonization drawn. But Mrs. Ward is rather disappointing, even to an admirer, in her later books. Perhaps too short a time has elapsed since the last production. ("Lady Merton, Colonist." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Magazines for June

Numerous cleverly written articles, interspersed with diverting fiction and poetry, are found in the June issue of the American Magazine. Ray Stannard Baker discusses the Democratic party, its present and its future. Jane Addams writes of the early undertaking at Hull House. Baseball fans will read with enjoyment Hugh S. Fullerton's contribution on "The Wonders of Pitching." Charles E. Whitefield offers an amusing sketch, "A Plain American in England." Among the short stories are "The Cabin," by Stewart Edward White; "The Callers," by Mary Heaton Vorse; "The Uncharted Isle," by Lincoln Colcord, and "A Week of 'One-Night Stands,'" by Bennet Musson. A strong article is James Oppenheim's "He's Only a Pauper, Whom Nobody Owns." Interesting people limned are

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From Four Until Six

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Dr. David Starr Jordan, Maude E. Miner, Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, Erman J. Ridgway, Henry Pomeroy Davison, and Bishop Charles D. Williams.

Scribner's for June features a number of entertaining articles and short stories. First place is given Theodore Roosevelt's special contribution on his African hunt and narrates his experience hunting elephants on Mount Kenia. Nelson Lloyd writes of "The Retreat From Gettysburg." Another article of interest is Edith Rickert's "Skagen: The Danish Painters' Village," and Brander Matthews' "Moliere and Louis XIV." is an entertaining bit of history told in the Matthews polished style. Two short stories, "The Eyes," by Edith Wharton, and "The Man Who Missed His Moment," by Gerald Chittenden, are delightful bits of fiction.

June's issue of the World's Work contains a grist of readable articles on topics of current interest. The literary inclined will find enjoyment in John Corbin's "Plays That Don't Get Played" and Everett T. Tomlinson's "The Perpetual 'Best Sellers.'" "Policemen Around the World," by Nevin O. Winter, is an engaging narrative of the peace custodians of various countries. Among other contributions are "The President at Work," by William Baird Hale; "The Shifting Railroad Control," by C. N. Keyes; "A Little Utah in Mexico," by Gilbert Cunningham Terry, and "What Not to Do For a Headache," by Edgar Allan Forbes. In "The March of Events" department are featured "Mr. Hughes and the Supreme Bench," "A Banking System of the Poor," "The Hard Way of a Reformer Under Suspicion" and "Are We Becoming More Corrupt."

"Co-operation in England and America Contrasted" is one of the strong features in the June issue of The Craftsman. "American Art in Germany," by Christian Brinton, exploits the value of our present exhibition in Berlin and Munich. "Building for Light" is an architectural suggestion of value to prospective home builders. Other special contributions of interest are "The Prince, the Pauper, and the Golden Mean," by Walter A. Byer; "A Home of Her Own," by Gertrude Russell Lewis; "Modern Country Homes in England," by Barry Parker, and "A Group of Significant Americans," Prof. L. H. Bailey, Mrs. Dunlap Hopkins, Mr. James Earle Fraser and Mr. Wilson Eyre. The various departments contain a number of readable articles.

Jack London's breezy and informing descriptive article, "Cruising in the Solomons," has its first installment in the Pacific Monthly for June. Of equal interest is Capt. F. E. Kleinschmidt's "A Day of Blood," with capital photographs by the author, illustrating the pursuit of the elusive walrus through the Alaska peninsula. Col. J. B. Smith, D. E. Kessler, Edward L. Munson and William Finley are numbered among the serious writers, while fiction is offered by Claiborne Pitzer, Thomas Crawford Galbreath, Arthur Davies, Charlton Lawrence Endholm, Amanda Matthews and Strickland Davies. Among the poetic contributions is "Sibyl of Dreams" by George Sterling.

Lippincott's for June contains a complete novel, "Francine," by Marie Louise Goetchius, which is as quaint and fas-

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cinating a romance as has graced its pages these many months. It has that peculiar quality known as "atmosphere," combined with a keen analysis of human nature. Senator Chauncey M. Depew, conscious of his well-lined pockets, writes most complacently of the prosperity of the United States in his "The Tariff, the Cost of Living, and National Prosperity." There are short stories by Eden Phillpotts, Will Levington Comfort, Lucy Copinger, Eleanor Ingram, Arthur Stanley Riggs, and Elizabeth Coombs, and a discussion of publish school conditions by Joseph M. Rogers. A number of verses, pungent epigrams, "The Ways of the Hour," and half a dozen pages of anecdotes, old and new, complete the issue.

Donovan, With Aliases, Repudiated

Point Loma, Cal., May 23, 1910.—To the Editor of The Graphic: The Los Angeles Herald of May 20 contained an account of charges of alleged embezzlement brought against John S. Donovan, alias Professor Seville, J. Clarence Golden, Jack Sheridan, Jack May, J. E. Sheridan and J. S. Sheridan Donovan—a man of many names—who, it is reported, admitted that he went under the name of Professor Seville in San Diego and declared that he was a professor of psychology and theosophy, and that he had graduated from the Great Britain School of Theosophy. This Mr. Donovan is not and never has been a member of, has no connection with and is not known by the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, international headquarters at Point Loma, Cal., which has branches all over the world. Nor is the Dr. Price referred to in the same article connected with, or a member of, the above organization. We regret to say that the name of theosophy is sometimes used illegitimately. The Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society does not endorse the use of the name of theosophy in any business scheme, making money or other similar objects and it most strenuously opposes the teaching of hypnotism in any form. Should it ever occur that a member should be found acting contrary to this long-established policy of the organization, his name would be stricken from the membership rolls. The theosophy represented at Point Loma makes it a duty to be strenuous in its protests against the misuse of the name theosophy or its employment in any sense for the sake of personal advantage. J. H. FUSSELL, Secretary, Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society.

Cerebrations of Byron Kent

AS REPORTED BY LUKE NORTH

"And should the Shavian heart and brain receive your wireless suggestions that there is in life something beyond reason—what then?" I inquired, not idly, but because in the previously reported conversation that point had been left uncovered.

"If Bernard Shaw and a few of his contemporaries who now have the ear of the world, would get a mental grasp of the important fact that reason's function is not to guide life, but merely to explain it—"

"O, you are going to explain life, are you?" I interrupted. "I have a pressing engagement" (looking at my watch). I always have a previous or pressing engagement when the other fellow starts to explain life.

"Pardon me," said Byron Kent, "explain human conduct, I meant. Life is inexplicable in words."

"Perhaps I can defer that engagement," I condescended. "But tell me, why is not life explicable in words?"

"Because words can deal only with externalities, logic only with form, and life is deeper and bigger than either. Life is more than a mechanism, more than an image however airy, more than a process of mathematics however abstruse. Life is music—and not even the genius of Wagner could translate music into language."

"Some discordant notes in that music," I suggested.

"Many, alas!" he said. "But the discord is human, transitory, and—I assert—susceptible of rational explanation, and of melioration perhaps even to the vanishing point, once dominant thought grasps the tremendous truth that reason's function is not to guide human conduct, but only to explain it."

"Professor James seems to have anticipated you," I said, "in his 'Pluralistic Universe.'"

"No—he is still groping—and studying Henri Bergson, the French-Jewish philosopher, who leads him to say, on page 212 of the book you name, 'I have found myself compelled to give up logic. . . . It has some imperishable use in life, but that use is not to make us theoretically acquainted with the essential nature of reality.' The whole chapter, on the 'Compounding of Consciousness,' in which this occurs is rather startling, and immensely interesting—to those who occasionally think of other things than the price of corn or the modes of millinery. But it does not lead him to the point of beholding a rational universe. He can give up logic, but he cannot permit it to play a secondary part and merely explain things. He comes rather close to averring that it is either logic first or not at all. That at any rate seems to be his attitude—and that, I submit, is merely a return to the old theological viewpoint. It is a far cry from my contention, that the soul be permitted to state its own hypotheses and postulates, which logic uncramped by its materialistic rules of physical experience, must then rationalize and explain."

"But if reason is not to guide life, what shall guide it?" I asked.

"In that question is the unfaith of this civilization," said Kent. "Life needs no guidance. It is its own guide. It can have no guide outside its free and untrammelled self. Leave it alone, and it will deport itself beautifully, majestically, truly. Life is music, I tell you, a divine music that transcends the sensuous perceptions of form and therefore never can be compressed within a system of logic, nor even adequately expressed in words. Life is music, and its only discords are produced by man's feeble attempts to restrict it, to control and govern it, to make it fit reason and reason's blind laws and maxims. Life is not form and color and noise, but that which produces them, and they are its outward expressions. It is the function of philosophy to relate and to explain these expressions of life, and were philosophy restricted to this use, instead of being perverted into petty conventions, artificialities, and hypocrisies with which to hamper life, its expressions would be normal and harmonious. The misuse of reason is the iron hand on the throat of human life, thwarting its natural melodies and perverting them into hideous dissonances."

"It sounds rather well, as you state it," I said, "but just how is reason go-

ing to explain human conduct, or, as you call it, the expression of life."

"By relating it to eternity. By admitting the universal dictum of the masculine soul that life is eternal. With that fact as a base—that masculine fact—and reason left absolutely free of convention and tradition, the how of many, many things will ultimately be stated in terms so clear that even the lunch-counter fiend might read and comprehend between bites."

"I notice you laid stress on the masculinity of the conception of immortality?"

"I did. It is a masculine conception. The feminine concept (or lack of concept, as Otto Weininger says) is for extinction. For many hundreds of years we have been dominated by woman. Extinction, eternal rest, nothingness—these are peculiarly feminine instincts. If you don't believe me, read Weininger's 'Sex and Character.' And upon them was founded that nineteenth century flower of the age of reason, the philosophy of determinism. The twentieth century is going to reach the old and true masculine concept of eternally passing on—that concept which neither reasons nor guesses, but knows, that death is merely an incident of conscious eternal individual existence. That concept precedes reason. It is older than reason, deeper, mightier, and so persistent that our late worship of reason as the summum bonum of life has not killed it."

Personal and Social

(Continued From Page Eleven)

James King Steele, W. H. Kirkbride, G. Piazzani, Mrs. Lafeer and several others.

Mrs. Ralph Hagan gave the first of a series of luncheons at Mt. Washington Tuesday. The collation was served in the glass dining room, which was elaborately decorated in pink sweet peas. The afternoon was devoted to bridge. Those present were Meses. Lloyd A. Green, Crampton Anderson, J. J. Jenkins, W. J. Davis, Charles F. Noyes, Frank H. Powell, Harmon Ryus, Wilbert Myers, Edward L. Doheny, Carl Leonardt and George Goldsmith.

Monday evening many small dinners were given at Mt. Washington. The occasion was better to view the eclipse and comet, and when the fog lifted a magnificent view of both was possible. One party of twelve was given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Green of Pasadena. Also Mrs. O'Connor and Mrs. Gaylord entertained a party of fourteen, while the Clerical Club, to the number of seventeen, chose that evening to visit Mt. Washington.

Several motor parties of prominent people from Los Angeles registered at Del Monte last week; among them were Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Perry and their little daughter; Mr. and Mrs. H. Clay Breeden, Mrs. H. C. Burmeister, Miss Burmeister, Mrs. C. A. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Myers and Dr. and Mrs. Dudley Fulton, who are on their homeward way after a motor trip up to San Francisco.

Among the distinguished visitors from abroad who registered at Del Monte last week were Madame Hartman, Major Richie, Colonel Stewart, and Mr. Ellis B. Hayman, all of London. Another party of guests from the mother country included Mr. and Mrs. Threadgold, Mr. C. H. Threadgold and Mr. F. C. A. Threadgold.

Among Del Monte's most frequent visitors are Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Jones of Los Angeles, who are there again for two or three weeks of golf, both being unusually expert and reliable players. They expect delightful times on the links, for which Del Monte is famous.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl have returned to their beautiful home in San Mateo, after several happy weeks at Del Monte. Mr. and Mrs. Kohl put in a good deal of their time on the links, Mrs. Kohl especially being an unusually good golfer.

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Jones of Los Angeles are among the enthusiastic golfers at Del Monte. They have taken apartments for two or three weeks.

Friday about one hundred members of the Cosmos had luncheon at Mt. Washington. Toasts and speeches were features of the occasion.

MARKED SUCCESS OF ACTORS' FUND FAIR

The Actor's Fair Fund has come and gone. For months actors and managers had been preparing for it, and it was as big an affair as every one expected it to be. When the profession as a whole unites it has enormous resources to draw upon, and it can do things on a big scale, because it knows how. The object of the fair, as the promoters of all fairs can testify, was to make money, and the intention was to make it by giving folks something they wanted to pay for and to have as good a time as possible while doing it. Professional people know how to play. They have a good time themselves and everybody who looks on has a good time.

The actors' fund was established to make a kind of bulwark between the young actor and old age. It maintains a home where many of the old, or broken, members of the profession live and enjoy the memory of past triumphs. It stands between the sick or stranded actor and want. And all this takes money. It was decided to give a fair, and everybody was called upon to pitch in and help. People to plan the show were needed, people to carry out the plans and money. One manager for a certain period has required all actors and stage hands in his employ to give a certain percentage of their weekly salaries to the cause—a bit highhanded, but effective, as his payroll is large. Several well-known stars have given professional matinees, inviting their fellow players to come and pay for their seats. The Professional Woman's League, the Actor's Society, the Friars, the Lambs, the Twelfth Night Club and other organizations furnished their quota of saleable things, and willing helpers. The result was a fair as much bigger than other fairs as the Seventy-first Regiment Armory is bigger than a country church. Everything was there from a miniature theater, in which performances were held afternoon and evening, to a cafe chantant, a midway and a court of honor.

President Taft, as guest of honor, started the ball rolling with a few pretty words, and in return he was given a gold medal. To show his good comradeship, he partook of a glass of vichy prepared from the "Fortune Hunters'" soda fountain by Miss Mary Ryan, with the help of John Barrymore. From Taft's entrance for a week and a day, every afternoon and evening, the place hummed with people. Twenty thousand a day is a low estimate. Indeed, so many came that on the closing days the price of admission rose from fifty cents to a dollar. Games of chance on everything that could be raffled, and votes for the most popular actor and actress caught many a penny. And people won things well worth having. A touring car worth \$4,000, a Parisian hat, gold pieces of various denomination from \$10 to \$500, a piano, a game rooster, a baby donkey, a real sheep, which went, appropriately, to the Lambs Club, a ticket to San Francisco and return, with admission to the Jeffries-Johnson fight, a lot on Long Island, diamond bracelets and necklaces, and portraits of favorite stars.

The most exciting popularity contest was between Billie Burke and Pauline Frederick. Friends of both fought to the finish. As the closing hour approached first one and then the other was in the lead. Each side bought votes on the quiet with the idea of turning in the money at the last moment. But Miss Burke's admirers were a second too late. At the moment of closing Miss Frederick was ahead. Five thousand votes were turned in for Miss Burke, but they did not reach their destination until after the signal had been given. Though the shot had not been fired they were ruled out and Miss Frederick won. The prize was a diamond necklace and medallion. H. B. Warner, starring in "Alias Jimmie Valentine," was declared the most popular actor, with Francis Wilson a close second. A newspaper called Fair Topics, edited by Daniel Frohman and the Friars, was sold in Times Square and

in Wall street by pretty show girls, and brought all the way from five cents to five dollars a copy.

One of the most spectacular happenings was the appearance of Miss Pauline Chase for a few hours. She crossed the ocean for the express purpose of assisting at the fair, and arrived at 9 o'clock at night. She stayed at the fair till midnight and then repaired to the Waldorf, where she held a reception for her friends until 10 o'clock the next morning, when she sailed again for Europe. She auctioned autographs and photographs, and in fifteen minutes made about \$750. The highest price she received was \$150, paid for Theodore Roosevelt's autograph, which she went especially to France to obtain. One of the choicest things reminded me of the pretty girl of the church fair, who sat behind a curtain bearing the legend, "You May Kiss Me for Twenty-five Cents." This time a popular man known to be a beautiful dancer said, "You may dance with me for a price," and the girls who had seen him career gracefully through "The Merry Widow" paid it gladly. John Barrymore, Andrew Mack, Sam Bernard, William Elliot, Donald Brian and a few others organized the dance and supplied partners, but Mr. Brian was beau of the ball.

The final estimate of profits is not yet in, but it is figured that enough was cleared to run the Actors' Home four or five years, and that means at last \$150,000. Actors are so generous in giving their services to every charity that makes demand upon them that the public really owes them a return. But the actors did not sit peacefully back and depend upon the public. They were responsible and they made their own success. Let us hope that the recipients of the bulky prizes were more generously inclined than a certain woman, who, a few years ago—with a single chance—won a piano. When she was informed that the piano was hers and she might remove it she refused. She had won the piano and she expected to have it delivered. She lived in Brooklyn, and there was nothing for the actors to do but humor her and pay the express charges to her home.

ANNE PAGE.
New York, May 23, 1910.

Mr. Harvey Housh, son of Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Housh of 211 Avenue 52, has returned from Berkeley for the summer vacation.

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TRUNKS AND SUIT CASES

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Oil shares continue to monopolize the volume of trading upon the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, with prices firm and the total of transactions much larger than is usual at this season. The indications for a prosperous summer are all that could be desired.

Associated has fallen off a point since last report, a week ago today. The prediction in this column of a reaction from the recent bulge appears to have been borne out much sooner than was expected. The stock, however, should go much higher at a comparatively early day.

Union Oil and the other Stewart issues maintain their recent gain, with better prices promised for these stocks. The Dohenys have begun to recover a part of the late slump. American Petroleum touched 65 in the recent bear movement, while Mexican common sold as low as 26. Both issues are considerably firmer, with each stock up two and a half points since the last report.

Analgamated Oil, controlled by Associated, and a dead one for several months, came through upon actual sales this week at 60, a loss of nearly fifty per cent in market value, as compared with the price for the stock about a year ago.

New Pennsylvania and Palmer of the Santa Maria issues are both firm and selling up more than a dozen points since last noted. The latter now is called daily on the New York curb, where Oleum also is to be listed, it is declared. In the specialties, California Midway continues a favorite, with the stock a trifle firmer.

Bank stocks are not wanted by the purchasing public, although several of the best-known issues in this class of securities are firmer and in demand at times at higher prices. It is reported that a sale of ten shares of Merchants National was made off board this week at considerably more than \$600 a share.

Among the industrial stocks, L. A. Home Pfd. continues the market leader, selling at around 37. The common also appears to be wanted at about 6. The other Homes are not active at this time, due to a general suspension of dividends recently among nearly all of this class of shares. Edisons are soft, due to municipal rate tinkering.

There was a sale of a Pacific Light and Power bond this week, off several points, as compared with the last noted transaction. Home bonds, while a shade stronger, are not what these securities should be at this time.

Technically, the market is in much better condition than it has been since the recent oil share boom began doing business, most of the buyer contracts having been cleaned up. Apparently, there is no sign of the awakening of mining share speculation.

Money conditions are unchanged since the last report.

Banks and Banking

Twenty-six new banks, totaling a capital of \$1,575,000, were authorized in April to begin business. Of this number sixteen, with a capital of \$400,000, had individual capital of less than \$50,000, and ten with a capital of \$1,165,000 had individual capital of \$50,000 or more. Forty-eight applications to organize national banks were received in the month by the comptroller and of the applications pending twenty-eight were approved and eight were rejected. The total number of national banks organized is 9,742, of which 2,619 have discontinued business, leaving 7,123 banks in existence with an authorized aggregate capital of \$992,997,635 and circulation outstanding secured by bonds of \$638,254,858. The total amount of national bank circulation outstanding is given as \$713,461,586, of which sum \$30,206,728 is covered by lawful money of a like amount deposited with the United States treasurer on account of liquidating and insolvent national banks and associations which have reduced their circulation.

By the ruling of Judge Hook of the United States circuit court of appeals at St. Paul, in which the order of the federal circuit court restraining the officers of the state of Kansas from carrying

into effect the Kansas bank depositors' guaranty law was vacated, much interest in banking circles, particularly in the southwest, is created where, in Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma and Nebraska bank guaranty laws have been affected by the decision. The injunction to prevent the law from becoming effective was obtained by the Abilene, Kan., National Bank, acting for all of the national banks of Kansas. These organizations claimed that as the law did not allow these institutions equal right with the state banks, it was legislation which discriminated against them, as depositors would naturally prefer banks where deposits were guaranteed, and also that they were not given equal protection. Judge Hook's ruling was that there was no merit in either contention. The suit was contested by J. N. Dolley, bank commissioner for Kansas. The bank guaranty law was an issue in the last presidential campaign, and President Taft, in his Minneapolis speech spoke against it and advocated in its place the postal savings bank.

Of the week's total bank clearings of \$72,114,343 reported for the state, Los Angeles contributed nearly one-fourth. The total was an increase of \$15,865,408 or 28.2 per cent as compared with the amount for the corresponding period of last year, and gave a new record for the state. The local banks reported a total of \$17,873,960, which was more than one-third of San Francisco's figure, and marked a gain of 28.4 per cent, exceeding by 7.2 per cent that of the northern city. The clearings in the several cities in the state were as follows: San Francisco, \$45,279,831, increase 21.2; Los Angeles, \$17,873,960, increase, 28.4; Oakland, \$3,282,539, increase, 70.3; San Diego, \$1,532,224, increase, 48.5; Sacramento, \$1,425,384, increase, 76.0; Fresno, \$643,040, increase, 30.3; Stockton, \$611,911, increase, 58.2; San Jose, \$403,008, decrease, 9.0; Pasadena, \$1,602,441.

Stockholders of the Union National Bank of Pasadena at a recent meeting elected T. P. Phillips, formerly of Chicago, to the directorate, to fill a vacancy existing there. Mr. Phillips, who organized the Federal Trust & Savings Bank of Chicago and was its president until it was merged with the American Trust & Savings Bank, when he was made a vice-president, also is a director of the Continental National Bank of Chicago, which with its deposits of more than \$100,000,000 is one of the largest financial institutions in the United States. The board of directors of the Pasadena bank of which Mr. Phillips has been elected a member now has as its personnel H. I. Stuart, C. W. Smith, Dr. Norman Bridge, C. W. Gates, E. S. Gosney, L. R. Macy, T. P. Phillips and E. H. Groenendyke.

New York associated banks exhibits last Saturday were disappointing, to say the least. With the gain of cash from the interior there should have been a much greater increase in the surplus. The statement of averages shows a nominal decrease in loans and a gain of \$8,587,300 in cash, and an increase of \$7,473,100 in deposits. This operated to increase the surplus above legal requirements \$6,722,350, and above the 25 per cent of all deposits, including government, \$6,719,625. The surplus over 25 per cent of all deposits now is \$23,823,975. But the actual condition reflects a loan expansion for the week amounting to \$13,665,800, while the gain in cash aggregated \$8,991,400. The surplus over legal requirements, therefore, showed an increase of only \$3,385,650, and over the 25 per cent of all deposits \$3,386,275.

Los Angeles chapter of the American Institute of Banking at its monthly meeting in its quarters in the Exchange building began a movement toward the establishment of a library. W. C. Patterson, vice-president of the First National Bank, offered the suggestion that each of the 525 members donate one or more volumes to the proposed library, and himself headed the list with a pledge of ten volumes. The suggestion was approved, and a committee was appointed to assume charge of the book contributions. An address on "How to Study Law" was given by Wellington Clark, trust officer of the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank to the bank clerks, many of whom are engaged in that study.

For the first time since the year following the panic of 1907, bank exchanges at the Chicago clearing house

last week showed a decrease under the previous year for the corresponding week. The loss is small, amounting to only \$702,482, but it seems to reflect the relaxation in business.

Newman Essick, cashier of the Commercial National Bank of this city, has been elected a member of the board of directors of the National Credit Men's Association, which held its annual session recently in New Orleans.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Bond trading on the New York Stock Exchange last week marked the smallest total since June, 1907. That serves to explain why American bankers are trying to get Paris to buy everything in sight that a Frenchman will consider at all favorably. The best bonds are now selling at a basis where they offer a much better return than that afforded by the money market for time loans. This means a great deal, for very good bonds can be bought now close to a 5 per cent basis. The savings banks are not buying because people are not saving as much money as they were, owing to the high cost of living. They can't do it. The Wall street banks are getting a good deal of money from the west and south since the speculation there is being reduced and the big men who were borrowing on land, wheat and cotton have been made to lessen their commitments. Wall street is reported to have plenty of call money but very little business.

About a month ago New York stocks had had a fair rally, and the average price of both the active railroads and industrials had touched the best figures since the middle of March. The recovery failed to hold, and within less than a fortnight the railroad stocks had declined from 124.35 to 117.25, and the industrials from 92.62 to 84.72. These were both new low points for the year, and while the volume of business was not large, it is obvious that something more than bear pressure from active traders influenced the market. After May 2 the market recovered about 50 per cent of its recession. Since then prices have shown little change, and trading has been dull.

Members of the playgrounds committee of the Pasadena Board of Trade, of which C. D. Daggett is chairman, will report favorably in regard to the purchase of the Carmelita Gardens and Monk Hill, and the building of a large public hall of the casino on the former site. The committee will recommend that the city bond itself in the neighborhood of \$100,000 for the project.

Within a few weeks, when a year will have elapsed, citizens of Monrovia again will consider a sewer bond election, which met defeat at the polls at the last election.

Los Angeles supervisors have awarded the \$5,900 bonds of the Jefferson school district to J. H. Adams & Co., whose bid carried a premium of \$43.50.

Santa Ana's \$4,000 bond issue of the Harper school district has been sold to the American Savings Bank of Los Angeles at a premium of \$26. The bonds bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum.

Bids will be received by the Los Angeles supervisors up to 2 p.m. June 6 for the purchase of bonds of the Los Nietos school district in the sum of \$12,000. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent. Certified check must be for 3 per cent of the amount bid.

Supervisors of Santa Paula have ordered the sale of the Santa Paula school district bonds in the sum of \$20,000.

What Extravagance is Costing

"It is no wonder that we have to sell bonds abroad to bolster our international credit," says the Boston News Bureau. "Where we used to boast every month an imposing excess of merchandise exports over imports, the balance is now going pretty regularly on the other side of the account. April's trade figures lend vigorous emphasis to this statement of our position. They display another excess of imports. It is of small amount, being only \$853,000; but it makes three months running of the same uncomfortable condition, with a total balance against us for the period of almost \$26,000,000. Only two years ago the net showing for a similar period was \$187,000,000 in our favor. The fashion persists of making new

import records, and April did so by more than \$4,000,000, at a total of \$133,942,000. With the help of high-priced cotton, we are doing a little better in export values, when our April showing is the fourth best on record for that month; but it is not enough better to make both ends meet—apart from all our invisible debits. Applying to the remaining two months of the fiscal year the ratio of increase in exports and imports of recent months, the totals for the whole year should be about \$1,565,000,000 imports and \$1,730,000,000 exports, giving us a "trade balance" of \$165,000,000. The comparison that this latter figure makes with recent fiscal years preaches its own eloquent sermon, as follows:

1910.....	\$165,000,000	1903.....	\$394,422,000
1909.....	351,178,000	1902.....	478,398,000
1908.....	666,431,000	1901.....	664,592,000
1907.....	446,429,000	1900.....	544,541,000
1906.....	517,302,000	1899.....	529,874,000
1905.....	401,048,000	1898.....	615,432,000
1904.....	469,739,000	1897.....	286,263,000

"A balance of \$165,000,000 where, in the thirteen preceding years we showed an average of \$490,000,000, is ample connotation of a national extravagance, to be liquidated in goods, gold or securities. As for the bridging over of the predicament by recourse to the last of the three, it must not be forgotten that sales of, say, \$150,000,000 bonds abroad mean that we must yearly remit \$6,000,000 more than now, in wares or coin or more paper, as interest while the bonds live. Also to be remembered is the American tourist, who this year is smashing all records."

Arguments in Favor of a Central Bank

Bank credits are too highly developed. That, in a word, is the weakness of the banking business of the United States, according to George E. Roberts, president of the Commercial National Bank. The credits are a weakness because they are not readily converted into cash, the speaker explained. Mr. Roberts was discussing "The Central Bank Plan," reports the Chicago Evening Post, and disclosed the fact that clearings of the Chicago banks in one year are many times the amount of actual cash in the United States. Mr. Roberts explained that the bulk of all payments in the United States is made by the transfer of bank credits, or, in other words, by the use of drafts and checks. The bulk of all bank deposits in the United States is not made in money, but is simply credits that arise in the exchanges. This is the modern method of doing business, and the supply of money in the country adapts itself to this, with the result that we have only a small amount of money in the country at any time compared with the volume of business that is being handled. The clearings of the Chicago banks alone in a year are many times the total stock of money in the United States. The vital difference between conditions in the United States and in other countries where panics are less severe is in the fact that in other countries the banking system, with its great volume of demand liabilities, is backed up with machinery by which the supply of lawful money can be readily increased. In other words, there is in each country a strong, responsible organization to which all the local banks of the country may go and obtain help. In this country we lack this central supporting factor, this great final resource. We have thousands of good banks, but they stand singly and alone. The natural impulse of all at the first symptom of trouble is to grab all the cash there is in sight and lock it up, and to restrict and collect loans, which course simply aggravates and intensifies the general distress. One of the most interesting features of this is the way the bankers of this country, acting under the pressure of necessity, without authority of law, improvised an institution to perform the very functions that are elsewhere confided to a central bank. I refer to the clearing house. In 1907 the country banks came together in the county and district organizations, and even issued a currency of doubtful legality based on their joint assets, which were a great relief to the situation. Notwithstanding limitations which would give ample protection against monopoly, the common objection offered is that a central institution would fall into the hands of interested parties. As to that, we are certain to have great overshadowing banking institutions if things go on as they are. The only question is whether we shall recognize the tendency and shape its development.